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THE SPHERE

LONDON. March 31, 1962

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NEARING THE END OF THE TOUR

With flags flying and crowds cheering, the Duke of Edinburgh drives into Buenos Aires from the airport with President Frondizi of Argentina. Prince Philip started his ten-day visit to the Republic last week. It is the last country of his two-month tour of South America. As in every other State he visited, Prince Philip received a highly enthusiastic welcome in Argentina, a country which, as the Duke said, is "so closely attached to Britain with links of friendship." When he went to lay a wreath on the statue in Buenos Aires of General San Martin, Argentina's national hero, his open car was surrounded by cheering crowds which had broken through the police cordon. From all reports, it appears that the Duke's tour has been extremely successful

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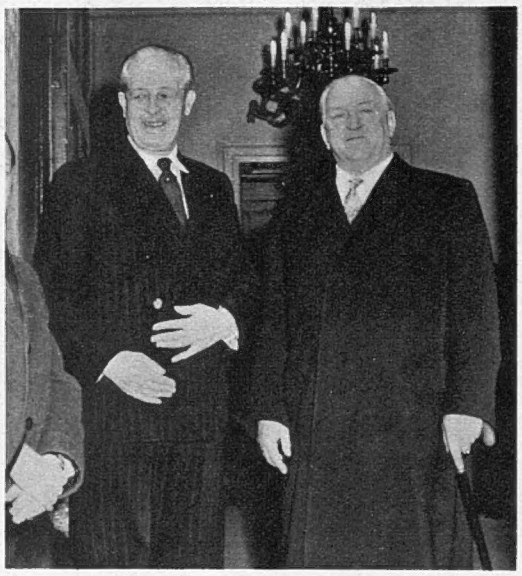
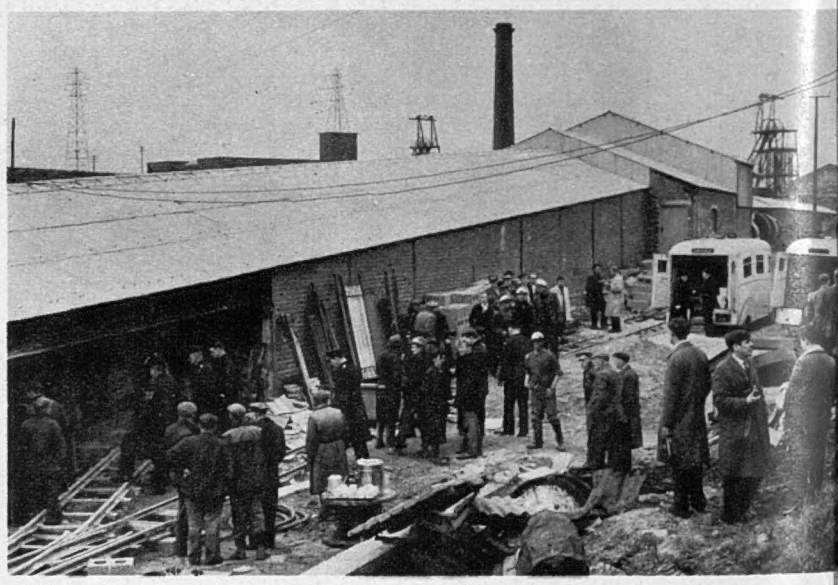
SNOW COVERS THE BORDER IN BERLIN . . . and gives a new appearance to what has become one of the most familiar city scenes in Europe. Centre is the Brandenburg Gate with the East German wall running in a wide sweep in front. Foreground is the Tiergarten, with its observation posts, and centre background, the Unter den Linden



AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR IN LONDON

Dr. Gorbach, the Austrian Chancellor, stands with Mr. Macmillan on the steps of Admiralty House, London. He paid a two-day official visit to Britain last week. The statement issued after his talks with Mr. Macmillan referred to discussions on the Common Market. Austria, politically a neutral, is a member of E.F.T.A. and is hoping for some kind of agreement with the Common Market



EXPLOSION IN A LANCASHIRE COAL MINE

Far right: Ambulances wait near the shaft of the Hapton Valley Colliery near Burnley, in Lancashire. An underground explosion in the colliery last week caused the death of sixteen miners, and injured thirty more, some of them very seriously. At the time of the explosion more than 100 men were below ground in the pit

MRS. KENNEDY IN KARACHI

Mrs. Kennedy drives from Karachi Airport with President Ayub Khan of Pakistan. The U.S. President's wife was on a five-day visit to Pakistan, after a successful tour of India

NEW IRISH CARDINAL

Far right: Cardinal Michael Browne, of Ireland, is congratulated by Cardinal Bea (right) after the traditional ceremony in St. Peter's, Rome, in which the Pope conferred red hats on newly-created cardinals. Cardinal Browne became one of ten new members of the Sacred College

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NEWS SUMMARY

Deadlock on disarmament and a new suggestion for Berlin; Mr. Macleod warns Britain's Conservatives; battle-fields in Algeria; critical days for Laos

INTERNATIONAL

In the seventeen-nation conference on disarmament in **Geneva** no progress had been made up to the start of this week. West and East were deadlocked on the question of a nuclear test ban, especially on the methods which should be employed to provide an international system for detection of tests. The only hope seemed to lie in the efforts of the neutrals at the conference to arrange talks between East and West scientists on the technical aspects of the detection dispute.

The presence of the British, American and Russian Foreign Ministers in Geneva made possible East-West discussions on Berlin. They were understood to be considering a plan for the city put forward by Herr Ulbricht, the East German Communist leader. His proposals included the establishment of an international Commission of Arbitration to settle disputes about access to Berlin and suggestions for " co-existence " between East and West Germany. It seemed doubtful whether such suggestions, without considerable modifications, would be agreeable to the West.

GREAT BRITAIN

Mr. Iain Macleod, the chairman of the Conservative Party, speaking last weekend in **Manchester,** told the North-West Area Conservative Council that the worst was not over for the Party. The storm might increase to gale force. He was commenting on the large drop in the Conservative vote in recent by-elections, notably **Blackpool** and **Orpington.** There are more by-elections to come in the next weeks. Much of Mr. Macleod's speech was devoted to a bitter attack on the Liberals, whom he described as " pedlars of politics with a trinket for every taste."

Earlier in the week, in **London,** Lord Ritchie of Dundee, chairman of the Council of the London Stock Exchange, sharply attacked the Government's economic policies, particularly the proposed decision to impose a capital gains tax, and the slowness of negotiations to join the Common Market. He said he believed the City had very nearly reached the end of its tether.

Another pressing issue which was debated in the Commons was the position of the Garden City of **Letchworth.** This week, the Commons were due to debate the Government motion to set up a joint committee of both Houses to explore a further stage in the reform of the House of Lords. A Bill to transfer control of the Garden City from a private company to a public corporation was given a second reading by a large majority. This Bill, if it is passed, will mean victory for the inhabitants of Letchworth who wish to preserve the principles of Ebenezer Howard, who founded the city in 1903.

ALGERIA

During the weekend bitter fighting continued in Algiers and Oran between French troops and the rebels of the Secret Army (O.A.S.). In Algiers the European quarter of Bab el Oued, the O.A.S. stronghold, was encircled and sealed off by a large French force of infantry and armoured units. Having apparently stilled the fire of the O.A.S., the next stage in the operations began. This was an occupation of every street in the quarter and the search of every house to arrest rebels and recover arms. In Oran early on Monday morning security forces were still battling against resistance in the European district. (See also pages 504 and 505.)

Later in the day it was reported that the ex-Air Force General Edmond Jouhard had been arrested in Oran and flown to Paris. With ex-General Salan still at liberty Jouhard is under sentence of death for his part in last year's *putsch* in Algeria.

AFRICA

At the **Kenya** Constitutional Conference at Lancaster House in London, Mr. Maudling, the Colonial Secretary, attempted to break the deadlock on major issues. He suggested that as a first step, the leaders of the two main parties, Mr. Kenyatta of KANU and Mr. Ngala of KADU, should form a Coalition Government which would then be able to negotiate for independence within the framework of a plan which he outlined. This attempted to balance KANU's proposals for a strong central government with KADU's wish for regionalism. In Kenya, a general strike planned for Friday of last week was called off; the strike of employees of Nairobi City Council was still on early this week. (See also John Connell, page 506.)

In **Southern Rhodesia** the Prime Minister, Sir Edgar Whitehead, attacked a former Prime Minister, Mr. Garfield Todd, for the testimony he had given to the U.N. Committee on Colonialism, in New York, which was discussing a resolution on Southern Rhodesia. Mr. Todd had told the committee that the Southern Rhodesian Constitution must be revised in order to avoid bloodshed. The British High Commissioner for the Rhodesian Federation, Lord Alport, was in London early this week for talks in Whitehall.

Dr. Nkrumah, President of **Ghana,** in a speech giving city status to the old Ashanti capital, Kumasi, said that the maximum period of detention under the Preventive Detention Act would be extended from five to twenty years. He also announced measures giving his party greater control over local administration, and outlined the conditions under which foreign capital would be allowed to participate in the development of Ghana's economy.

LAOS

A further attempt to end the long-drawn-out crisis in Laos was begun by Mr. Averell Harriman, the U.S. Assistant Secretary of State, who arrived in the Laotian administrative capital of **Vientiane** last weekend, after conferences in Thailand. The 14-nation Geneva Conference agreed in principle that Laos should be strictly neutral with a coalition Government made up from the opposing factions of the three Princes, under the premiership of the neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma. But the right-wing Prince Boun Oum, supported by the militant army chief, General Phoumi Nosavan, refused to join unless the right-wing group obtained the key posts of Defence and Interior.

A Soviet trio at Geneva consider the answer to a question at one of their Press conferences. From left are Mr. Zorin, Deputy Foreign Minister; Mr. Tsarapkin, Chief Disarmament Adviser; and Mr. Chernokov

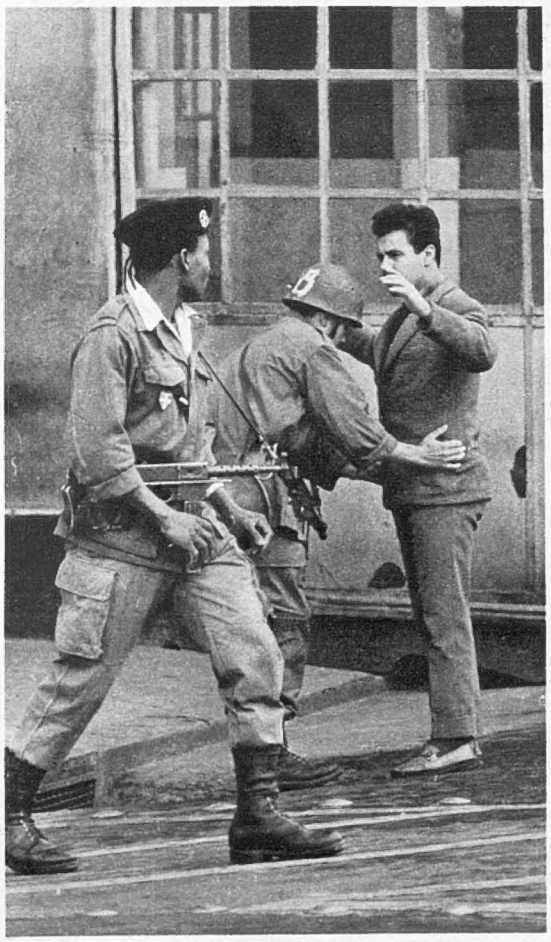
ARGENTINA

The political crisis had still to be resolved at the start of this week. It began after the general elections of March 19, in which Peronists won a number of seats and several Provincial Governorships. The Peronists are the followers of the dictator Juan Peron who was deposed in 1955 and is now in exile in Spain. Last month was the first time candidates of this party had been allowed to stand in Argentine elections since their leader's downfall. When the results of the polling became known, President Frondizi was faced with demands from the army to declare the elections of the Peronists to be null. It was hoped, however, that a solution could be found which would be satisfactory to the anti-Peronist Right and the pro-Peronist Left.

ALGERIA AFTER THE ARMISTICE

The wreckage of a villa in Algiers which had been mortared by the O.A.S.

Ben Khedda (right) and Ben Bella meet in Rabat



The search for arms continues in Algiers

The cease-fire in Algeria, which became operative on March 19, intensified the violence and outrages by the terrorist Right-wing O.A.S. (Secret Army). In the first twenty-four hours after the Armistice it was reported that fifty people were killed in various parts of Algeria. One of the most savage attacks was in Algiers, when mortar bombs were fired on buildings in the Place du Gouvernment Général. Six Muslims were killed. There were more raids by the O.A.S. on the ensuing days, bazookas, mortars, grenades and machine guns being used by the terrorists against the Security forces. In Oran there was a battle in the streets lasting two hours between French settlers and French troops.

Meanwhile the French Government, having approved the cease-fire agreement drawn up at Evian, went ahead with its plans for a caretaker government to take over power in Algeria until a referendum should decide the future of the country. The names of those in the government were not immediately announced as some had still to be asked formally to join the ministry. Leaders of the Algerian Nationalists, including Mr. Ben Khedda, the head of the Algerian Provisional Government, gathered in Rabat in Morocco. With King Hassan they gave a tumultuous welcome to Ben Bella, one of the founders of the F.L.N., who had been under arrest in France for nearly five-and-a-half years. His release was regarded as an earnest of De Gaulle's intention to give peace to Algeria.

Despite the cease-fire in Algeria, guards have to man the barricades a

In the Casbah, the famous Muslim quarter of Algiers, a group of youths hold up the Algerian Nationalist flag

repare against attacks by the O.A.S.

Bread is fetched from the Muslim quarter because of a general strike called in the European quarter of Algiers

JOHN CONNELL

DISENGAGEMENT IN AFRICA

In the immediate, traumatic aftermath of Orpington, Mr. Macmillan took a step which was certainly of the deepest psychological significance, and may have important political implications and consequences. Mr. R. A. Butler, he said, would from the following Monday assume responsibility for the affairs of the Central African Federation; a small, special office would be set up for him; but he would not surrender any of his functions as Home Secretary. Mr. Gaitskell, while his followers rocked with laughter at the Prime Minister's quaint conceit, called it an extraordinary appointment, forgetful apparently of the constitutional dictum which lays it down that any Secretary of State may discharge the duties of any other Secretary of State. But, this little lapse apart, is the Leader of the Opposition alone in having doubts about the wisdom of the Prime Minister's choice at this particular moment?

Mr. Butler, as everyone knows who has watched his parliamentary career, in and out of office, is a glutton for work. Now, not content, it seems, with matters like the rising rate of juvenile delinquency, the control of immigration, the capital punishment controversy, and the Committee of 100, he extends his embrace to include such issues (very different but equally complex) as Nyasaland's desire to secede from the Federation, the new constitution for Northern Rhodesia, the Federal General Election, and Sir Roy Welensky's views on the British Government and its policies.

But why? And why now? Nobody doubts Mr. Butler's ability to tackle with adroitness and determination any task that he is offered. He can absorb a brief as an old chap I once knew in a Gloucestershire village, in my boyhood, could absorb draught cider—by the gallon. However, the spate of inspired comment from Admiralty House and its environs, about and immediately after the Prime Minister's announcement, was (some of us found) of slightly morbid interest—especially the repeated assurances that this was not a hasty, last-minute decision, that it had, in fact, been reached some time ago, and that Mr. Macmillan (with, of course, his infallible sense of timing) had merely been waiting for the right moment in order to make it effective.

Mr. Butler arrives at the New Central African Office in Whitehall

Any hint that the passage through the Valley of Humiliation of the brightest of the Conservative Party's contemporary sons of the morning might possibly be an ill-chosen occasion, or, indeed, any innuendo that the two happenings had any connection at all, was met with that glassy, eyebrow-raising stare reserved for little boys who make impudent remarks about the Emperor's new clothes. Lord Salisbury had the temerity to utter unseemly thoughts of this kind, a day or two later, in the *Sunday Times*.

The truth about Mr. Butler's new responsibilities, so far as it is possible to discover it behind that Cheshire cat mask, is that his appointment was a sudden decision, a bewildered yet petulant response to the unpalatable facts of the African crisis, which can no longer be slurred over or dodged. The British Government is now in an almost unprecedented mess over its African policy. Now the supporters of, and the apologists for, this policy have found—as Lord Salisbury was candid and courageous enough to point out—their own word: " disengagement." He defined it as meaning the belief that " the day of the white man in Africa is over, and the sooner he clears out the better."

If Lord Salisbury is right, then in one important aspect the " Emperor's new clothes " line of criticism need no longer worry the Government. Mr. Butler knows nothing about Africa; he knows this, his colleagues know it, the public know it. But his ignorance of the issues and personalities involved—of Dr. Banda's views on inoculation, for example, of intimidation, of the value of British investment in the Federation, of the ways in which Mr. Kaunda's and Mr. Nkomo's minds work—is not just irrelevant to his new job. It is a positive asset in its performance.

When a person or a cause that you have cherished lies dying, you have two alternative courses open to you: you can either send for a healer, a reinvigorator, a restorer of life and purpose and health; or, if you have lost faith and hope, you can send for an undertaker. You need not kill, but you need not strive officiously to keep alive. The undertaker may have to wait in another room, he may have to tread softly while he takes his measurements, he obviously must not shout about his reasons for being around the house. But at the moment of complete disengagement—death is such a *hard* word, isn't it?—he comes into his own. Now for what he has to do knowledge of the past is not necessary; it might indeed inhibit him.

It is superfluous at the moment, therefore, to speculate on the tactical reasons for Mr. Macmillan's action—interesting though these may be in many years' time, when the political historians have access to the documents. Were Mr. Sandys and Mr. Maudling at odds? What was the famous telephone call that took Sir Roy Welensky out of his Party meeting? Did Mr. Sandys show a real understanding of the Federal Government's viewpoint, and did he later turn against those who had believed he was their friend?

Fascinating as the answers to these questions are likely to be in the historical unravelling of the story of the liquidation of British responsibility in Africa, there is now the overriding, openly proclaimed fact that the British Government have lost faith in the whole concept of the Central African Federation, rooted as it was (and Lord Salisbury was right to remind us of it) in the great principle of partnership. The abandonment of partnership has been for too long tacit, hedged around with meaningless platitudes and shifty, evasive circumlocutions. Mr. Butler, we may be sure, will be quite resolute and quite ruthless. Whether or not he believes the Federation to be a lost cause is of little or no consequence; he has the courage of others' lack of conviction. All that courage he is going to need in his new assignment.

Mr. Butler, like Mr. Macleod before him, will have to adjust himself to the way in which African politicians think and feel and talk; and at the same time he will have to close his mind, and his heart, to the thoughts and the sentiments of the British who live in Africa. With the intervention by Mr. Maudling, the Colonial Secretary, in the Kenya Constitutional Conference after five futile, farcical-tragical weeks, it is possible to contemplate a kind of pilot project in the art and practice of disengagement.

Mr. Macleod's object was disengagement—the transfer of power to the African majority. Endowed, like Mr. Butler, with the qualities of moral courage and intellectual sophistry, but with a single-minded, Highland fervour which Mr. Butler could not emulate, he set about disengaging. Two years of effort on his part and then on the part of his successor, Mr. Maudling—strenuous, subtle, often highly disingenuous effort—achieved what looked like a total constitutional impasse and what certainly is a constitutional deadlock, economic ruin, political, social and administrative chaos in what was, at the time of the Lancaster House Conference of 1960, a flourishing country.

It is difficult, but I realise that it is essential, to write with restraint about Kenya. The Conservative Government's conduct in the past two years over Kenya resembles, in countless scarifying details, their Socialist predecessors' conduct over Palestine in 1946-48. It is perhaps, in the ultimate analysis, to the credit of British politicians that, when they are acting dishonourably, they make a sour mouth about it, and go about their task with an inefficiency which is a manifestation of suppressed hysteria. But anyone with friends and kinsfolk in Kenya finds it difficult to be charitable to Mr. Macleod, or compassionate about his conscience. He and his colleagues played for expediency in Kenya—against every warning from everyone with any knowledge—and expediency has betrayed them. The African politicians at best achieve only a superficial facade of agreement. The bleak possibility of civil war has by no means yet been averted. The " let-the-babies-die " strike in Nairobi is a clear enough indication of the kind of conditions which, I anticipate, may soon prevail. This is disengagement.

As Lord Salisbury pointed out, the British farmers in Kenya are refusing to accept their allotted part in the spectacle. They are packing up and going, in increasing numbers, as and when they can, at whatever personal loss. They are taking their chance, while that last forlorn freedom—the freedom to choose final exile from their homes—remains to them. Of their bitterness, of their sense of betrayal by the Government they trusted, the country they served, it is now useless to write. No plea, while there was still time for it to be effective, had the slightest response. Now there is no time left.

However, the British in Rhodesia, who have watched with sad, stern attentiveness the developing tragedy of Kenya, have also been warned. Mr. Butler may find it a great deal more difficult to sell them disengagement than, at present, either he or Mr. Macmillan may be willing to admit.

Mr. James A. Farley, U.S. Postmaster-General under President Roosevelt, marches in New York in this year's St. Patrick's Day parade for which he was Grand Marshal. The annual parade is a great occasion for the Irish population of New York. Thousands of them follow the many bands in the procession and sing Irish songs. "Big Jim" Farley was born in 1888 and became prominent in the councils of the Democratic Party in the early 1920s when he was Chairman of the Rockland County Democratic Committee and a member of the Democratic National Committee. He played a vital part in F. D. Roosevelt's campaign for the Presidency in 1932, being generally regarded as the man who swung the Irish vote in Roosevelt's favour. He was appointed Postmaster-General in 1933 and stayed in that office until 1940

GRAND MARSHAL IN NEW YORK

b

At the Electrical Engineers' Exhibition at Earls Court, Mr. Thorneycroft, the Minister of Aviation, looks at a model of the Avro Vulcan B.2 long-range jet bomber displayed on the Royal Air Force Stand

Left: Passers-by appear to be more interested in that traditional attraction of Trafalgar Square, the pigeons, than in the men working on the task of cleaning and restoring the spire of St. Martin-in-the-Fields

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

A NATURAL REACTION? The trend of recent by-election results was unlikely to turn Mac-Wonder into Mac-Stagger. The Premier is too old a hand to cry " all's lost," or indeed to take too tragically the landslide in Tory votes as the result of disappointed abstentions and " token " transfer of votes to Liberals. He knows, too, that personalities and parish matters play a large part in by-elections and that mid-term by-elections almost always reveal reactions from the Party in power, and yet are no pointers to results in general elections. His serious opponents—the Socialists—are just about keeping their end up—no more and not everywhere. The sun of Liberalism climbs slow; so slowly that it need not be seriously considered as an alternative government for a decade or more. These for his comfort. But the results were not *normal* reaction and must have jolted his complacency. The voters in cities and rural areas were clearly less interested in the international matters on which the lion's share of his time and talents are employed than in matters more instantly and nearly concerning their homes and pockets, to which he has too little time to attend. Take only the cost of living. All the statistics which officialdom can put out do not hide the ugly fact that the cost of living continues to rise and ought to be diminished. Here by an insidious penny and there by a patent pound, up and up go the costs of our necessities, from groceries to coal, fares, freights, communications and all things necessary to our way of life, while the brake on the demands of the nationalised industries, industry, the Services and the " Welfares " slides over greased wheels.

PROMISES ARE NOT ENOUGH. It is late in the day for Mr. Macleod to set up an inquiry into the causes of Tory unpopularity. He *should* know. The Tory leaders can hardly be surprised if many of their followers register disappointment by gesture-voting for a party that has no likelihood today of being able to implement its policy or plan, instead of backing one which offered high hopes of better things and has so lamentably failed to fulfil them over the last years. As for the " serious " opposition, the Socialists, I doubt whether the wobblers put much more faith in Mr. Gaitskell's master plans as a means of salvation. " Who will show us any good? " But I am sure that this by-election reaction should persuade the Premier that promises of better things are not enough and that it is high time to devote more personal attention to home affairs and domestic grievances. So it seemed an odd moment for turning the Home Secretary—the key-pin of Ministers concerned with Home Affairs—once more into a Pooh-Bah. He has not yet " tidied up " his titular portfolio. Blackpool had a special lesson for the

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Prince Albert of Liège (left), younger brother of King Baudouin of the Belgians, talks to Mr. Edward Heath, the Lord Privy Seal, at a luncheon given in the Prince's honour in London. In the centre is M. de Thier, the Belgian Ambassador in London

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, Sir Frederick and Lady Hoare, are welcomed on board the Sheringham, Norfolk, lifeboat, on display outside St. Paul's Cathedral

The view shows the entrance hall of No. 10, Downing Street, during reconstruction on the Prime Minister's residence. It was announced last week, during the renovation of Downing Street, that Nos. 10 and 11 were in very poor condition and that their restoration would cost £600,000, £100,000 more than estimated

Premier: in his constant search for suitable wearers of the ermine, it is now unwise to regard any Tory seat as so impregnable as to justify coronetting its sitting member. He will be wise to fall back on baronetcies which are in ample supply and need create no immediate shocks.

" TO THE MEADOWS AGAIN." " Away to the meadows, the meadows again." Spring is, or should be, in the air and Dr. Hill has followed Edward Fitzgerald " to the meadows again." The Oxford by-pass (or bottleneck " ironing-out ") must now be judged the longest and hardest-fought traffic battle ever fought out in England, and even now it is not certain, I suppose, that the home of lost causes must accept another cause lost. At any rate, not in my time. So long as Magdalen Bridge remains open to traffic from the east, so long will all who wish to do so continue to shake down the colleges that front the High; and the tourist traffic in summer alone can do the trick, reinforced by heavy lorries on their " lawful occasions." A road through the meadows, so close to and so nearly parallel with the High, can with no certainty solve the congestion at Carfax, so long as Magdalen Bridge is an open alternative. Years ago Lord David Cecil offered that opinion. Oxford's hash was cooked many centuries ago by its geography. An enclave is the only solution and surely Oxford new-faced is as worthy of becoming a shrine as ever it was. If tourists are unwilling to view it by walking a few hundred yards, they had much better go to Southend or Brighton or Blackpool; and if lorries cannot be compelled to add half a dozen miles to their long-distance runs, the ruination of Christ Church meadows even by a tunnelled road will be a very expensive vandalism.

THE BOA WAR. I wonder whether in next year's annual reports, the shareholders of I.C.I. and Courtaulds will be given precise figures of the cost to them of all the circularisation, Press advertisements and postage involved in the great boa-constrictor battle which raged so long and grew in time to become a public nuisance and a rather deplorable feature of modern business methods. I wonder also whether next year's reports will implement some of Courtauld's directors' splendid promises made to resist being swallowed up, promises of golden prospects of bigger and better business. If so, perhaps the battle will not have been in vain nor the costs of it prove excessive to Courtauld's proprietors. The battle, indeed, may one day be regarded as a decisive battle in Big Business if it reminds directors that shareholders are the owners and they the elected servants and trustees and administrators of their owners and that their chief duty is to run and improve the business with due regard to economy in management. Sometimes these boards seem to wear the garments of dictators, and, as dictators do, to fight battles for personal " face." But, of course, this particular battle was waged by warriors of the highest possible reputation, and it is a comfort to know that for the time being they will bury the hatchet and lick their personal wounds in their own tents.

PACIFIC LOT? Statistics are confusing to a humble layman like myself. Certainly they should be treated in a gingerly fashion by anyone not an expert in this complicated art. But the figures given recently in a preview of a report by the Cambridge Institute of Criminology, on crimes of violence against the person, in London in the last decade, certainly give pause for thought. According to the percentage figures in this report, immigrants accounted for a notable share in the rise in these crimes. As one delves even further into these figures it appears that the Irish immigrants are managing to get themselves more involved in brawls than Commonwealth immigrants but both groups are more prone than offenders born in the United Kingdom. Certainly the report, when it appears, will provide ammunition for the supporters of the Government's Immigrants Bill. But it is by no means clear that the ammunition thus provided is particularly lethal. Many of the crimes of violence were petty domestic brawls arising no doubt in part from the conditions of squalor in which many immigrants are forced to live. Even including these in the figures, only 2 per cent. of all indictable offences in Britain are concerned with violence against the person. We still appear as a nation to be a pretty pacific lot.

THE OLD STAGER

W. O. Gant (Andrew Cruickshank) returns to his wife's boarding-house in a drunken frenzy. From left are Hugh (Brian Sheehy); Eliza Gant (Mary Ellis); Laura (Mary Miller); Gant; Dr. Maguire (Charles Leno); Mrs. Clatt (Peggy Fame); Jake (Richard Klee); Florry (Carole Mowlam); and Will (Henry McCarthy)

ENTERTAINMENT

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL

at the Phoenix Theatre from April 3

Eliza asks W. O. Gant to sell his marble shop

Eugene Gant (Peter McEnery) talks to his elder brother Ben (Richard Pasco)

Eugene falls in love with the new boarder, Laura

In his shop, Gant and Eugene look at the marble angel

Good, meaty drama has been all too scarce in the West End theatre of late, but one play which should stand out even in the present little spate of new productions is Ketti Frings's adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's novel dealing with his youth in the town of Altamont, North Carolina, in 1916. *Look Homeward, Angel*, at first sight looks like a well-organised excursion into Eugene O'Neill territory, a land of neurosis-ridden families engaged in killing each other off in psychological warfare. But closer inspection reveals that shafts of sanity and humour have dispelled the dark clouds of madness. We are left with a well-made dramatic play about the conflicts in a large family dominated by a wild old Titan of a father and his possessive, money-loving wife, Eliza, who runs the boarding-house providing the setting of the play. The boarders, observed perceptively, are often both typical and funny.

The plot deals with the failure of one son, Ben, to leave the family and his death from T.B., and his younger brother Eugene's attempts to escape. Eugene represents Thomas Wolfe himself. Basic to the scheme of the play is the antithesis between the idealistic dreams of father and sons and Eliza's dominating materialism. *Look Homeward, Angel*, was first performed in Britain, after a huge success on Broadway, by that admirable institution, the Pembroke Theatre in the Round, in 1960. It has been given a new production by Terence Kilburn, with settings, including a revolve, by Hutchinson Scott. Andrew Cruickshank and Mary Ellis are repeating their widely-acclaimed performances as W. O. Gant and Eliza and Peter McEnery, as the young Eugene, is reported to be outstanding in a fine cast. **J.W.**

Eugene discovers that his brother Ben has a high fever

Gant welcomes Madame Elizabeth (Margaret Courtenay), the town madame

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

CANADA

A cancer unit for Malaya under the Colombo Plan

Canada is to provide the Malayan Federation with a Cobalt Beam Therapy Unit under the Colombo Plan Programme. Malaya will establish a treatment centre in Kuala Lumpur, where the unit will be installed. They will also provide suitable staff for the centre. One of the Malayans to be assigned to the centre is now receiving radio-physics training in Canada under the technical assistance programme, and Canada has offered to assist in training other Malayans to be assigned to the Radio-Therapy Centre.

The Cobalt Beam Therapy Unit, for the radiation therapy treatment of cancer, was a revolutionary new treatment device developed by Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd., at Chalk River, Canada's atomic research centre. The first unit was installed about twelve years ago. Because of the cost and complexity of radiation therapy, its use is usually confined to the larger general hospitals.

Cancer is the second leading cause of death in Canada, exceeded only by diseases of the heart and arteries. In the never-ending fight against this disease Canadian federal, provincial and voluntary agencies co-ordinate their activities and research teams in a nation-wide network of treatment centres and pool their findings through publications.

Much of the financing for cancer research, education of the public, welfare services to patients, financial support for professional training and clinical research is done by the Canadian Cancer Society, mostly through national fund-raising campaigns. It has provincial divisions and over 650 community units. The National Cancer Institute supports and co-ordinates cancer research through specialised training of physicians and financing of fundamental research. It is financed by the Cancer Society and federal-provincial grants.

Mr. George Price, the First Minister of British Honduras, arrives in London for talks with Mr. Maudling, the Colonial Secretary. The chief topic of their discussion was the rehabilitation after last year's hurricane. One suggestion they were reported to have considered was the removal of the capital Belize to a site inland. Also discussed were a possible time-table for independence, and Guatemala's claim to British Honduras. Talks between Britain and Guatemala are to be held in Puerto Rico in April

Dr. Borg Olivier, the newly elected Prime Minister of Malta, who arrived in London last week for talks with Mr. Maudling. Dr. Olivier was reported to have put to the Colonial Secretary plans for changes in last November's Constitution, which would give Malta almost complete independence instead of the limited home rule which was granted under the Constitution

NEW ZEALAND

Looking for export markets in Asia and elsewhere

The first steps have already been taken in a sustained export drive by New Zealand in which the principal objectives are the development of existing markets and the opening of new ones.

A Trade Promotion Council, set up as the co-ordinating and advisory agency in a concerted, continuous trade drive, is composed of fourteen members with wide experience in many fields of trade, particularly exporting. It will advise the Minister of Overseas Trade, the Hon. J. R. Marshall, and the Government on all matters affecting export trade. Part of its work will be to advise on the exploration of new or potential markets, including trade surveys, the co-ordination of promotional schemes, trade fairs and publicity in both old and new markets, the improvement of facilities both within New Zealand and overseas which may assist exporters, and the encouragement of public support for exporting and for an understanding of export problems.

A recent Cabinet reshuffle gave Mr. Marshall, also deputy Prime Minister, opportunity to pay more concentrated attention to overseas trade. He recently undertook an Asian tour which included visits to Japan, the Philippines, Hong Kong, Thailand, India, Malaya and Singapore.

While he was in Japan the announcement was made that in future full General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade relations would exist between the two countries. The two countries agreed to enter into tariff negotiations as soon as possible, Japan indicating that duties on New Zealand lamb and mutton would not be increased and New Zealand granting in return that duties on canned Japanese salmon and shellfish would not be increased.

A trade mission of twenty-four executives from New Zealand manufacturing industries is planned for June. The Pacific islands of Fiji, Samoa, New Caledonia and the New Hebrides will be visited. The nearness of the Pacific markets makes them a logical area in which to attempt the development of exports of New Zealand manufactured goods.

Toward the end of last year a New Zealand Government trade mission visited countries of South America, while New Zealand recently added Vancouver and Accra to her growing list of trade posts abroad.

The move to secure markets and to find what the customer wants went a stage further in March, with the formation of the Market Research Society of New Zealand. Its basic aims are to educate, assist and ultimately set up standards for those engaged full or part-time, in market research. It will also promote in the commercial community a proper understanding and acceptance of the principle of market research.

MALAYA

A Tiger Year for education

The coming of the Chinese New Year last month was accompanied by the usual general rejoicing. Many Chinese parents in Malaya will also rejoice that the New Year of the Tiger is a year of great advance in education in Malaya, especially in Chinese schools.

For it is a Tiger Year for education. The Tiger Year ranks high in the Chinese cycle of years. The Tiger is bold, brave and ruthless, and king-like in its dignity. Progressive in its aggressiveness, it brooks no defeat. It has majesty in demeanour. The eyes of the tiger are sharp and far-seeing. The Minister of Education has announced a programme bold in its scope, brave and ruthless in expenditure. Progressive in its design, it is also noble in its conception. A plan far-seeing in its outlook and majestic in its wide sweep.

First of all, for the first time in the history of Malaya, there is free education for all primary school pupils. Those who will benefit most from this are those who go to the Chinese, Tamil and English schools. This scheme will mean that more children will start school in the primary classes and that the selection for those who will go on to further education will be from the widest sphere.

Another progressive feature is the implementation of the Post-Primary schools. This means that every child has a chance to go to secondary school. As the plan for these progresses, the schools will be teaching useful trade subjects as well as academic. The emphasis on training pupils in more technical subjects again brings Malaya in line with modern industrial countries.

WEALTH

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

Chief J. U. Fadahunsi, the Chairman of Nigerian Airways, waves as he boards his aircraft at London Airport after an official visit. Nigerian Airways recently announced a £20,000,000 programme of development for the next ten years

From left are Lieut.-Colonel W. T. Angelo-Thompson, Registrar-General of Bermuda; Chief Justice Myles J. Abbott; and court attendant Wilfred Lambert. Mr. Lambert is holding a seventeenth-century silver oar during the ceremony at which the oar was designated the official mace of the Supreme Court of Bermuda

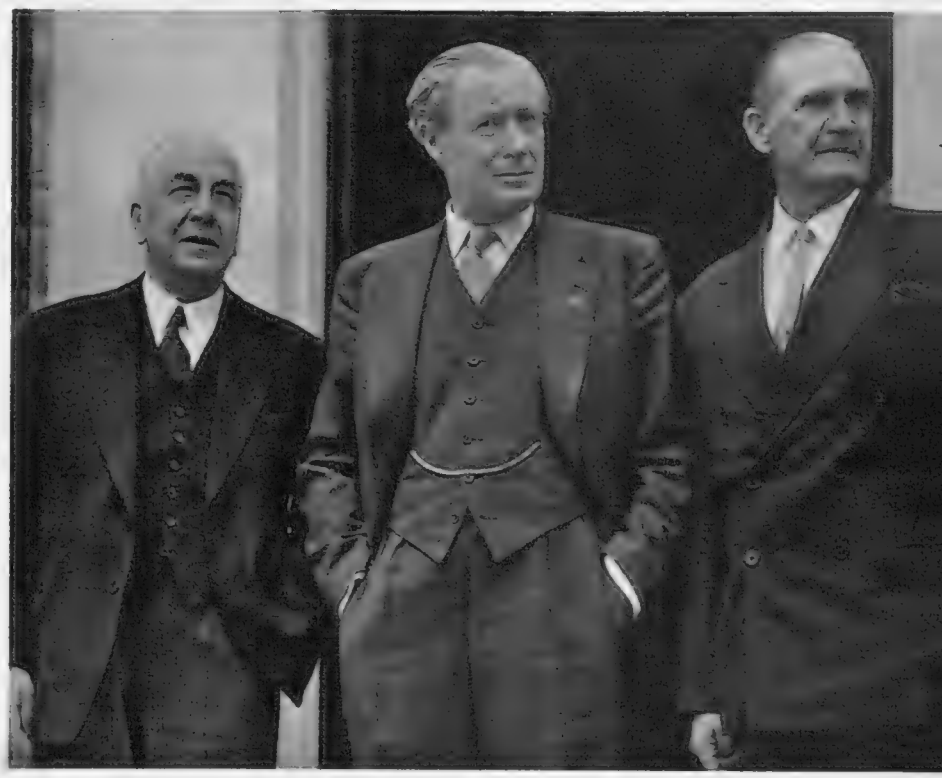
Above: The captain of the West Indian Test cricket team, Frank Worrell, talks to Admiral of the Fleet Lord Mountbatten during the Second Test Match between India and the West Indies, in Kingston, Jamaica, at Sabina Park, the "Lord's" of Jamaica. Lord Mountbatten was visiting the island

Left: The interior of the new garrison church at Dhekelia, in the sovereign British base area in East Cyprus. The church was consecrated recently by the Chaplain-General to H.M. Forces, Archdeacon Ivan Neill. The architect of the new church was Mr. Alister MacDonald

The bringing in of free primary education and opening the doors of secondary education to every pupil will benefit the Chinese community especially. In one stroke equality has been given to the Chinese schools. This applies also to the fifty-four Chinese secondary schools which will now be on a par with all other secondary schools.

Other educational interests are likewise expanded. For the first time, Chinese Language and Literature can be taken in the sixth form in preparation for university. A Department of Chinese Studies is being set up in the University of Malaya, so widening the interest in Chinese to the very top level. Greater emphasis is being given to the education of handicapped children from whatever race they come, and the Ministry of Education now has a full-time worker for arranging the programme for blind children and another officer to supervise the education of the deaf. The programme also covers the expansion of enrolment. This has been accelerated in the last decade. In 1956, 940,000 children attended school compared with 1,494,000 at the beginning of this year. In Chinese schools 343,000 children attended in 1956; this figure was 446,000 at the beginning of this year. The programme for 1962 includes expansion of teacher training to keep abreast of this expansion. Expenditure on education has doubled in the past five years.

This year will see much building for primary and secondary schools. The University is to be extended and a new Teacher Training College has started in Kuala Lumpur. So it will truly be a leaping forward, expanding year. After all, the Tiger is the symbol of Malaya.



From left are Sir Eric Harrison, Australian High Commissioner; Mr. Sandys, Commonwealth Relations Secretary; and Mr. McEwen, the Australian Deputy Prime Minister and Minister for Trade, outside Mr. Sandys' London home before a working lunch

Students from many overseas countries walk down the main street of the Surrey village of Shere during a visit arranged by the British Council

Photographs by Henry Grant

The village of Shere, in Surrey, has for several years been chosen by the British Council for the purpose of illustrating life in a typical English village to groups of overseas students. One of these British Council visits was held on a week-end earlier this month. Nineteen students from ten countries (Austria, Ceylon, Ghana, Hong Kong, India, Japan, Kenya, Malaya, Pakistan and U.S.A.) were on the visit. In Shere they were able to meet the rector, the schoolmaster and members of the parish council, and to observe day-to-day life in the village store, the forge, the builder's yard and the village hall, where, by chance, the visit coincided with a jumble sale. An introductory talk about the village was given by a member of the Bray family, who have been Lords of the Manor of Shere for about 400 years. The students also went on trips to a local farm, to the home of the Duchess of Northumberland at Albury Park, and on a walk along the North Downs to the famous Silent Pool. The weekend cost them £2 12s. 6d. each.

The British Council arranges many such visits for overseas students in London, both at weekends and on single days, apart from their longer holidays during vacations. Among their weekend courses recently have been visits to Oxford and Cambridge and a trip to Dorset to visit the Wessex of Hardy's novels. The twenty British Council centres in the provinces arrange similar trips.

A welcome to the group from the headmaster of the Shere village school, Mr. E. W. Roberts.

Mr. Roberts shows

e rector of Shere, Rev. E. Hougham, talks of the church's history

WEEKEND IN AN ENGLISH VILLAGE

Overseas students visit Shere, in Surrey

Something interesting on the pottery stall at the jumble sale which coincided with the students' visit

isitors some of the artistic efforts of his pupils

A huddle of piglets arouses much interest on the tour of nearby Parklands Farm

FLYING DOCTOR OF HONG KONG

The colony of Hong Kong is very small in area. Despite this, there are many villages which can only be reached by half a day's gruelling march over razor-back hills. They are situated in little, almost hidden bays along the Colony's east coast, and in steep-sided valleys where the torrential rains of summer wash down sufficient soil to make rice and vegetable cultivation possible.

To provide these communities with some of the benefits enjoyed by people living in more accessible parts of the Colony, the Hong Kong Medical and Health Department has started a flying doctor service. The doctor, accompanied by a Chinese nurse and a vaccinator, makes his rounds twice a month travelling by helicopter, since none of the villages along his route has enough flat land to enable a winged aircraft to get down.

Although the service is still in an experimental stage, the villagers already take it for granted. And the men who service and fly the Hong Kong Auxiliary Air Force helicopter that is used to carry the medical team are starting to refer to the doctor's schedule as " the milk run."

Typical of the villages visited is Sai Wan (the name means West Bay). Although it is on the coast, the Medical Department's floating clinics cannot call there because the sea is often rough. Sai Wan's total population is sixty-five and they all have the same surname: Lai. This is by no means uncommon, for such villages are in reality just big families almost cut off from the world and usually the only time a new adult is brought into the community is when one of the young men marries a bride from another village.

The helicopter landing zone is next door to the only modern building in the village, a single-storey stone house erected in 1956 that serves as the church, the Star of the Sea School and—on the doctor's visiting day—as the clinic. Urgent cases can be airlifted to hospital at once, but most of the ailments are minor ones.

The doctor and his two Chinese assistants arrive by helicopter in the small village of Sai Wan

A girl is examined by the doctor, who wears a lifejacket because part of the flight from Hong Kong to the village is over the sea

An aerial view of Sai Wan which has only sixty-five inhabitants

Treatment for eyes in an adult and a dose of medicine for a child at the clinic

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

A SHAKESPEARIAN NICETY

Logan Pearsall Smith once observed that " Of the inhabitants of the insane asylums of Great Britain it has been calculated that, after the religious maniacs, the two next largest classes consist of those who rave about the Royal Family or those who, by thinking about Shakespeare, have unhinged their minds." And elsewhere he remarks: " Thousands and thousands of books have been written about Shakespeare, and most of them are mad." Well, you have been warned. I am about to write about Shakespeare.

But, first, I must make it clear that I am not a Shakespeare scholar; nor am I a constant reader of his plays. Let me quote Logan Pearsall Smith again: " I cannot say with Coleridge that no day of my life has passed without opening one or another of those volumes. I have, of course, read and re-read Shakespeare—there have been times in my life when this has been one of my main occupations. But intervals have often elapsed between these perusals. . . ." That, I think, is a fair summing-up of my own position. I have read and re-read Shakespeare, though I cannot say that doing so has ever been one of my main occupations, but I have done so uncritically. I have read for pleasure. And I must make it clear that I have read very few books about Shakespeare and still less of Shakespeare criticism. I have never got myself worked up about the authorship of the plays. It does not matter to me whether they were written by Christopher Marlowe or Lord Oxford or Sir Francis Bacon—or Uncle Tom Cobley. All that matters to me is that they were written. But, personally, I am happy to believe in William Shakespeare. Which all goes to show that I am old-fashioned and not qualified to comment upon a passage in one of the plays, which is what I am about to do.

We all know the speech of Henry V before Harfleur: the speech which begins " Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more; or close the wall up with our English dead." We all know it so well that there can be no need to quote it in full here. But I should like to draw your attention to the concluding passage:

> And you, good yeomen,
> Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
> The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
> That you are worth your breeding—which I doubt not;
> For there is none of you so mean and base
> That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
> I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
> Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
> Follow your spirit; and upon this charge
> Cry " God for Harry, England and St. George! "

I do not know how many times I have read that speech, the whole of it, and each time been moved by its magnificence: but certainly many times, and each time uncritically, just for the pleasure of it. It was a friend of mine, R. C. G. Hancock (a famous veterinary surgeon), who first drew my attention to " the mettle of your pasture," asking what it meant, and suggesting that it should read " the metal of your pasterns." I have been thinking about it ever since, reading and re-reading the speech.

Shakespeare, it must be remembered, was a countryman and a quite exceptionally good field-naturalist. He knew the countryside, its men and women, its animals and birds, its language through and through. Let me give an example of his knowledge of animals from *The Tempest*, Act 2, Scene 2:

> Like hedgehogs which
> Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
> Their pricks at my footfall.

Shakespeare had observed hedgehogs much more closely than most of us (perhaps he had caught and eaten them in his youth?) and knew, as not everyone does, that they rely but little on sight, but greatly upon the acuteness of their hearing.

And let me give another example, this time of language, from *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act 3, Scene 10:

> The breeze upon her, like a cow in June,
> Hoists sail and flies.

That word " breeze " is Midlands vernacular for the gadfly that stampedes the cows in June, their tails held vertically like the sails of a ship. And William Shakespeare was a midlander.

Shakespeare, in fact, did not use words just for poetic effect. He used the right word for his purpose, a word which came within his personal experience, just as, when he wrote about animals, he wrote from personal observation. He meant what he said. Yes, even when he is being bawdy, even when he is being so obscene that you say " Oh, he can't mean that ": well, he does—just that.

And that being so, what on earth does the " mettle of your pasture " mean? It does not make sense: it does not, in fact, mean anything. At least, it would have meant nothing to the men the King was addressing. If you read the speech from the beginning, you will notice that Henry devotes the first part to briefing his officers: that done, he turns to the N.C.O.s and men, and his speech at once becomes much more homely. That super-poetic metaphor about pastures is supremely out of place in its context—such high-falutin language would have meant nothing to his listeners—whereas " the metal of your pasterns " would have been clearly understood by an army of rustic youths, all of them familiar with horseflesh. And Shakespeare knew the word " pastern." In fact, he uses it in the same play (*Henry V*, Act 3, Scene 7), when the Dauphin says " I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns."

Of course, " the metal of your pasterns " may not, in this mechanical age, seem to make sense either. But in my youth you would frequently hear, and today you may still hear (though less frequently) something very similar. A horse-dealer, discussing a horse, will often say " it has wonderful bone, with pasterns as hard as iron." Shakespeare, remember, chose his words carefully. " The metal of your pasterns " does make sense. " If the mettle of your pasture " is to be given sense in its context, then, surely, Shakespeare, speaking through the lips of King Henry V, must be regarded as an early expert in mineral supplements to diet. Shakespeare was a very great man, a genius, but, unbounded as my admiration for him is, I cannot think that he was as far ahead of his time as all that.

I wonder what Shakespeare's handwriting was like? Nobody knows for certain: but I doubt if it was all that easy to read. I fancy that " pasture " and " pasterns " could easily have been mistaken by an early type-setter working from a much-handled script.

St. Albans Cathedral in Hertfordshire, with its immense nave and massive Norman work, is one of England's most fascinating cathedrals. This new photograph shows the West Front, rebuilt in the 19th century by Lord Grimthorpe

MASTERS OF THE GLACIERS

Descending the slope of a glacier is harder than ascending

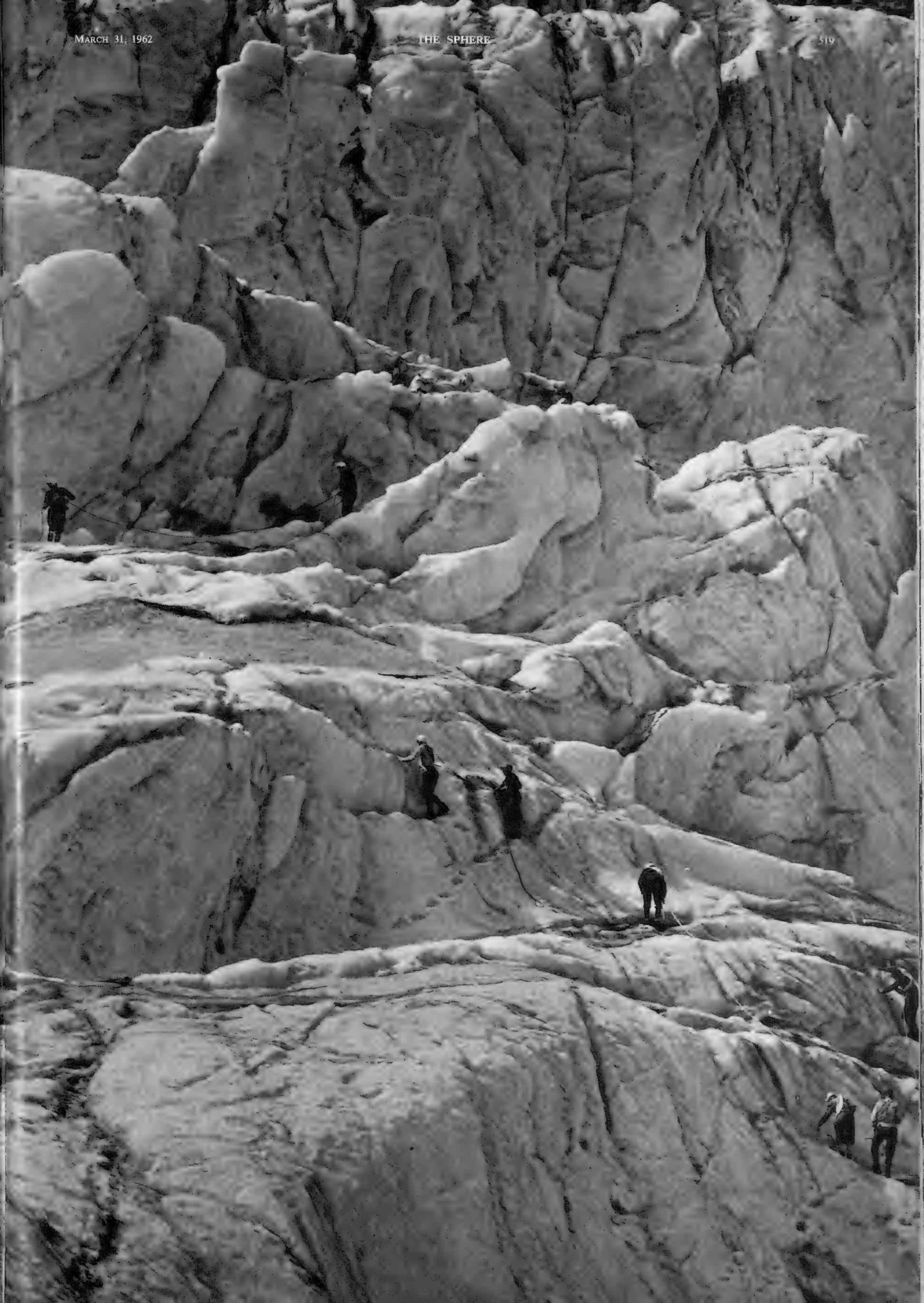
The ascent is less dangerous if made backwards

A course given recently by the Norwegian "Peak Club" in climbing icy mountains and glaciers, provided some rewarding instruction in the more difficult ascents. The base for the course was the Peak Club's cottage at the Skagastöl Lake in Jotunheimen. This cottage is situated at a height of 6,500 ft. in an attractive region for mountain climbers. To the south is the Great Skagastöl Peak, in the north-west is the Jostedal Glacier. The members of the course were given most of their instruction on the Styggedal's Glacier, which had not been ascended for thirty years and was first ascended in 1902 by an Englishman.

The leader of the course was Lieutenant Arve Brustad, a climber with experience of glacier ascents both in the Alps and Norway, a man who spends all his spare time in the mountains. With his assistant on the course, Mr. Eivind Ostbye, he has for the last two summers made investigations into the life of insects on Norwegian glaciers. The other eleven members of the course were trained mountain climbers.

On the first two days of the course the climbers were instructed on small glaciers around the Skagastöl Peak. An ice-climber must have a wide knowledge of knots, of how bolts are fastened in the ice, and of how to handle ropes in case of accident. The first stage of the course concentrated on these aspects. The third day saw the successful ascent of the dangerous Styggedal's Glacier.

This exercise in suspension in an imaginary crevasse is part of the training on the course. **Above right:** Training in the use of ropes is also important. **Right:** The climbers make their way upwards on the side of the Styggedal's Glacier



TRAVEL

ALONG THE BELGIAN COAST

By **GORDON COOPER**

Everyone knows of the Belgian coast and its forty-two miles of virtually unbroken sands. Almost every other travel agent's brochure tells of its good bathing, its remarkable range of organised entertainments, its facilities for sport of all kinds. I suspect comparatively few British tourists have discovered this region at what I consider to be the best periods of the year: out of season when the hurly-burly is over or has yet to begin. Then prices are lower, there is space in plenty on the beaches; even the weather is often more reliable.

The Belgian coast has long been the fashionable place for villa owners or renters, not only from Belgium itself but from neighbouring Holland and France. It has also proved a treasure house for the small hotel owner. But the picture has changed steadily over recent years. Small hotels have closed one by one as villa-building increases at a phenomenal rate, while all along the front, modern blocks of flats present clean, smart faces to the open sea.

Most of these flats and villas can be rented, with accommodation ranging from single bed-studios to spacious facilities for families of six or more. Rentals in June are a mere 40 per cent. of those charged in July and August. In May they drop even further, while during the winter months, a flat for four people overlooking the sea and with every modern convenience will cost only about £14 a month.

One of the main villa centres is La Panne at the western end of the Belgian coast close to the French frontier. This resort is popular among French families and is perhaps the best centre for sand yachting. It is a pleasant unregimented place, its villas and gardens dipping in rhythm with the sand dunes which are backed by woodlands. Among the latter one finds the neat cemetery, a sad reminder that the beaches of Dunkirk stretched some miles into Belgium. Nearby is Meli, a complex of restaurants and a miniature zoo and aviary in an enchanted park, where fountains play and fairy tales come to life, all beautifully floodlit at night.

Coxyde is a smaller place, but growing rapidly. I particularly like this little resort which is rarely overcrowded and whose villas are of great charm. Here the sand dunes reach their highest point (about 100 ft.), with sweeping views over the plains of Flanders, steeped in brave and tragic memories.

At Coxyde there is also the most important site of historic interest on the whole coast: The Abbey of the Dunes. Excavations, which will continue for many years to come, have revealed the twelfth-century Cistercian abbey and monastery, and have brought to light the probable existence of a Gallo-Roman settlement beneath the surrounding parkland.

Middelkerke, a few miles to the east, is especially favourable for youngsters, while its casino is the most intimate of the four along the coast. It is within a few minutes' reach of Ostend. Shrimpers still continue their watery profession in this region, dragging their nets chest-deep through the sea. At nearby Oostduinkerke there is a festival every July which revives the picturesque practice of shrimping on horseback. Gastronomic weekends are arranged by Middelkerke casino, as well as all-in weekend arrangements with Channel Air Bridge, whose car and passenger air ferries from Southend land at adjacent Ostend-Middelkerke Airport.

I have always liked Ostend, leading as it does its double life as " Queen of the Belgian Coast " (as far as the British are concerned at least) and busy port and fishing centre. Its vast fish marketing hall, which handles 50,000 kilos a year, presents a fascinating sight any morning early in the week, while Ostend casino is a magnificent building—a true belvedere over the sea and beaches. The casino's go-ahead management arrange a tremendous range of attractions and spectacles in their spacious theatre and halls and I specially draw attention to the excellent and low-priced gastronomic and champagne weekends between early November and late spring.

The Montmartre quarter of Ostend has cafés, cabarets and " dancings " rubbing shoulders in the narrow streets. For their main clients, the British, Ostend provides everything from " tea as mother makes it " to Bingo evenings! Thus I choose to go there when its post- or pre-peak season individuality is restored.

Beyond Le Coq (another quiet pleasant place), Wenduine and Blankenberge, Zeebrugge is in process of a ten-year plan to restore itself as a great port. It provides a workmanlike contrast to its frivolous neighbour, Blankenberge. At this Blackpool of Belgium, with its pier, its casino, its fine new town hall and its Aquarama sea-bed spectacle, you find all the fun of the fair. The Aquarama is perhaps its most remarkable showpiece, a living underwater fantasy arranged with considerable imagination, while the adjoining museum of shells contains 3,000 specimens from all over the world.

Close to the Dutch border at the eastern extremity of the Belgian coast, comes Knokke-Le-Zoute. I have already referred to the attractive villa areas all along this coast, but nowhere else do they cover so much ground or are they to be found in such palatial proportions, many in superb gardens. A stroll among the residences of Knokke is a sightseeing " must " in itself.

Knokke has justly made its name as the smartest resort of the coast, and it is also the most expensive. But it has facilities for every kind of sport and entertainment one can think of, in addition to its alluring little boutiques, its casino and its famous Hotel Reserve. Quite apart from all this, though, I like it for

A typical stretch of windswept sand-dunes on the beaches ne

A trip in a land yacht on the beach at La Panne.

Right: Gathering shrimps on horseback off Oostduinkerke

...ostend. **Right:** Nets drape fishing smacks in the harbour at Ostend. On the right is the Yacht Club building

its most restful surrounding countryside, for the nearby bird sanctuary of Le Zwin, and for its easy access to some of the quaintest villages in Flanders—villages such as Damme and Oostkerke and Lissewege. Le Zwin, incidentally, includes every type of bird native to Belgium, while its restaurant is housed in a former royal chalet.

It is perhaps the easy accessibility of so much age and beauty which provides one of the Belgian coast's great attractions. Towns such as Bruges, Furnes, Ypres, Courtrai—there can be few regions where so many cultural treasures and such a wide range of more worldly pleasures are found in such close proximity.

Further information: Belgian National Tourist Office, 167, Regent Street, London, W.1.

NEW AIR FERRY FOR PASSENGERS AND CARS

One of my favourite airlines, the Channel Air Bridge, has recently placed another landmark in the field of holiday travel. Their new Carvair, with accommodation for twenty-two passengers and four to six cars, comes into service on the company's three new routes this summer: from Southend to Geneva and Basle (starting in April) and Strasbourg (starting June 1). Eventually it will completely replace the Bristol freighters now operating on Channel Air Bridge's long-established routes from Southend to Calais, Ostend and Rotterdam. In fact, on the latter route, it will already be in use on 50 per cent. of the services this summer. The new aircraft is not only quicker, but quieter and infinitely more comfortable. The Channel Air Bridge summer table, giving passenger and vehicle fares on all routes, is available from their head office at 21, Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

Tourists take tea on the terrace of a restaurant at the fashionable resort of Knokke-Le-Zoute

BOOKS

UNJAUNDICED VIEWS

Tudor Jenkins's reminiscences; Marguerite Steen on the Terry dynasty; humour from Art Buchwald; and this week's extremely varied fiction

Mr. Tudor Jenkins is a newspaperman with a prodigiously good memory and a wide acquaintance among the famous, the well known and the personalities of today and tomorrow. For more than twenty years he was responsible, six days a week, for a gossipy informative page in an evening newspaper and now, in THE LONDONER (Macgibbon and Kee. 21s.), he has set down some of his livelier reminiscences. None of them is of world-shaking significance, nor has that been the author's intention, but they are in the main extremely entertaining and, surprisingly to those who hold a jaundiced view of the Press, decidedly good-humoured.

A PRIDE OF TERRYS (Longmans. 35s.) is a magnificent book for the theatre-lover, the amateur historian or simply the reader who appreciates a great family saga. Miss Marguerite Steen has written with enormous verve about a near-dynasty which, for the past hundred years, has been dominating the English theatre. She has traced it from its beginnings with Ben Terry of Portsmouth, son of a publican, to the present-day descendants: Gordon Craig, C.H., son of Ellen Terry; Sir John Gielgud and his brother Val, and Hazel Terry, last bearer of the illustrious name in our theatre. This is a magnificent hunk of history and it has been set down by exactly the right author: imaginative, practical, tolerant, humorous and wise.

I LOVE YOU HONEY, BUT THE SEASON'S OVER (Michael Joseph. 18s.) is the amusing title of an amusing book: the experiences of a pretty American girl of seventeen in one of the biggest circuses in the world. Chosen by Mr. Ringling North as the perfect *Alice* to sit on a carnival float, Miss Connie Clausen soon found the idea of the floats scrapped and her all-engrossing problem how to take part in an elephant ballet. She has written her story straightforwardly with not too much emphasis on the romanticism of the situation and with a lot of good sense.

Mr. Art Buchwald's collection of pieces, on the other hand, has all the grim sense of direction of a dragonfly, and flits about from subject to subject; from hamburgers to *coiffeurs*, from Mrs. Kennedy's clothes to dollar-a-day men, from betting in East Germany to film star pinching in Rome, and always to the delight of the reader. HOW MUCH IS THAT IN DOLLARS? (Heinemann. 15s.) is a very funny book indeed but then, its author is a very funny writer.

THE MATTER WITH IRELAND (Hart-Davis. 30s.) is the third in a series of volumes of Bernard Shaw's hitherto unpublished writings, edited by Mr. David H. Greene and Mr. Dan H. Laurence. Although he left his native country so early and returned only infrequently after a thirty-year absence, Shaw was aware of its political and social crises and, being Shaw, he then commented on them pungently and characteristically.

JULIETTE GRECO, the French singer and actress, started her first London stage season at the beginning of this week. She is appearing for a fortnight at the Savoy. Her supporting cast includes the comedian Gerard Sety

First of this week's novels, in more senses than one, is Miss Mary Renault's THE BULL FROM THE SEA (Longmans. 18s.), in which this extraordinarily gifted author brings to life and reality—at least during the book's span—the myths and legends that surrounded Theseus, King of Athens, victor over the Minotaur and a man who was at once a wise monarch with a real genius for ruling, an inspired general and a savage pirate. The simplest and indeed the best thing to be said about this magical story is that you should read, and enjoy, it for yourself.

STRIKE THE FATHER DEAD (Macmillan. 18s.) is the sombre story of a boy who rebels against his father's inflexible rule of self-discipline and leaves home to become a jazz pianist, and a good one. Indeed, to my mind quite the best passages in Mr. John Wain's new book were those in which he dealt, with very great knowledge and insight, with the technicalities, the hard work and the occasional triumphs of the jazz musician. Rather depressing, otherwise.

Miss Ann Bridge is a widely-travelled author whose novels have always benefited, have indeed largely been based on her spirited accounts of what went on in Foreign Parts, whether Yugoslavia, Portugal, China or Switzerland. THE TIGHTENING STRING (Chatto and Windus. 16s.) is about Hungary at the beginning of the war, and as seen from the British Legation. It is informative, warmly sympathetic to the Hungarians and a blazing attack on contemporary British Red Cross methods as the author knew them.

Two American girls of irrepressible energies and almost crazily wide scope of interests are the heroines of the next two novels. Mrs. Caroline Wedgwood Benn, with LION IN A DEN OF DANIELS (Heinemann. 16s.), writes about a young American couple spending a year or two in London, he as a lawyer, she as a rebellious young wife and mother, perpetually exploring well-trodden ways. Mr. Michael Rubin writes about an exceptional kind of college girl in A TRIP INTO TOWN

Robert Allerton, a powerful broad-shouldered Cockney, educated in the streets of the East End of London, a graduate of Carlton Approved School, who spent much of his childhood in poverty and has spent much of his manhood in gaol, a man with a long record of crime and violence, has set down his views on life, incarceration, and the pursuit of crime in a book written in collaboration with Tony Parker, or rather tape-recorded with Mr. Parker. THE COURAGE OF HIS CONVICTIONS (Hutchinson. 16s.) is a valuable document, reflecting the views of an old lag who says he has no intention of going straight, but who intends in future to be more careful. In a sense this could be deemed an utterly pathetic book about a pathetic human being, and even Allerton's shrewdness might be held to add to the sense of despair his words evoke; but on the other hand there are moments of common sense and humility here, a recognition of the qualities of others, not least of Basil Henriques (one in judicial authority for whom he felt neither hatred nor contempt) and of Charles Wathen, his headmaster at Carlton. But what can you really do for a chap who says that "I would willingly gamble away a third of my life in prison so long as I can live the way I want for the other two-thirds."

Everyman's Reference Library is greatly enriched by its new DICTIONARY OF PICTORIAL ART (J. M. Dent; 2 vols., each 25s. net). These volumes have been compiled and edited by

A LIFE OF CRIME

The views of a man who has spent much of his life in prison

William Gaunt, who has courageously faced his problem of providing a handy reference to painters and periods, forms and techniques of art in all parts of the world from the earliest times to the present day, all within the limitations of 250,000 words accompanied by 1,000 illustrations. From the almost endless list of artists a choice has had to be made of 1,200 names for biographical entry. It must have been an agonising business for the industrious Mr. Gaunt; but he has done his work so well that the massive cuts he has surely made are not readily apparent. The biographical entries are particularly skilful, summing up the main characteristics of each artist in a helpful, scholarly way. This is essential fare for every public and school library.

"The Dordogne is a romantic river. The Lot is a magical river. The Tarn is a breathtaking river. Oh, happy Traveller, you have the choice of three." These are the parting words of Freda White in her delightful book THREE RIVERS OF FRANCE (Faber and Faber. 25s.). How good it is to see this little classic in a new edition; for it enshrines the spirit of the south-west, the varied enchantments of Lascaux, Albi, Périgord and St. Emilion.

Two sisters, Dorothy and Phyllis Yglesias, have made history with their Wild Birds Hospital, which they set up high on the cliffs of the Cornish fishing village of Mousehole. Some of their patients have stayed in this delightful sanctuary for ten or twenty years, others have remained but a few days, all have been treated with understanding. THE CRY OF A BIRD (William Kimber. 25s.) is Dorothy Yglesias' account of this great adventure in co-operation between human beings and the natural world.

GREEK AND ROMAN JEWELLERY (Methuen. 70s.) is the work of R. A. Higgins, Assistant Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum, and is an important new addition to the Methuen series of handbooks on archæology. This work covers nearly 3,000 years of continuous development, the author laying particular stress on the technical methods of the early craftsman. This is a book for the specialist.

SHELL GUIDE TO IRELAND (Ebury Press. 40s.) is really wonderful value for money. Lord Killanin and Michael Duignan, Professor of Celtic Archæology at Galway University, have co-operated in this massive work which runs to nearly 500 pages, and is packed with illustrations both in colour and half-tone. The main part of the book takes the form of a gazetteer. The extensive historical introduction sets the modern scene against the background of Ireland's stormy history.

Richard Edmonds

(Gollancz. 16s.), the type who would be tolerable if played by Miss Audrey Hepburn, but is otherwise an intellectual mess. Though each of these novels is entertaining and Mr. Rubin's has both mind and heart, I would like to give it as my considered opinion that both girls are dead bores.

THREE OF A KIND (Heinemann. 18s.) should be a joy to those thousands of readers who regret the passing of Nevil Shute for, in one volume, it contains three of his novels, *Pastoral*, *An Old Captivity* and *Requiem for a Wren*, each of them complete and unabridged.

Novels about famous political figures don't appear as frequently as in Disraeli's day but this week there are two, the first of which, TOM FOOL (Faber. 16s.), is based on the life of the late Wendell Willkie and based so closely and with so much documentation that it can scarcely be called a novel at all. Mr. David Stacton writes sympathetically, even warmly of his subject and, whatever form his book has taken, it is a good thing to be reminded of this particular politician. NOT TO THE SWIFT (Michael Joseph. 25s.) is Mr. Tristram Coffin's long and more than a little sensational novel about a President of the United States, one who has been elected through some brilliant party manœuvring but who, like the public, is inclined to believe his own pronouncements. Readable but not reassuring.

Nearly ten years ago Clara Winston wrote a remarkable novel about the love of a brother and sister. Now, with THE HOURS TOGETHER (Gollancz. 18s.), she has drawn a bitter picture, almost a caricature in its savagery, of a psychiatrist who is also a megalomaniac. Intense, whiplashing and powerful reading.

THE RISING SEA (Macdonald. 15s.) is, essentially, a novel of adventure by Mr. Michael Hastings, set in a Polynesian island where only a small group of Europeans pass days of endless tedium in a place of great natural beauty. Quite exciting in its climax of storm and betrayal. A PORTION OF THE WILDERNESS (Chatto and Windus. 16s.), by Mr. Christopher Leach, is the beautifully told story of a hunt for gold in California and of a trek which takes a handful of ill-equipped men across the terrible Nevada desert. Stark, yet oddly tender, and certainly memorable.

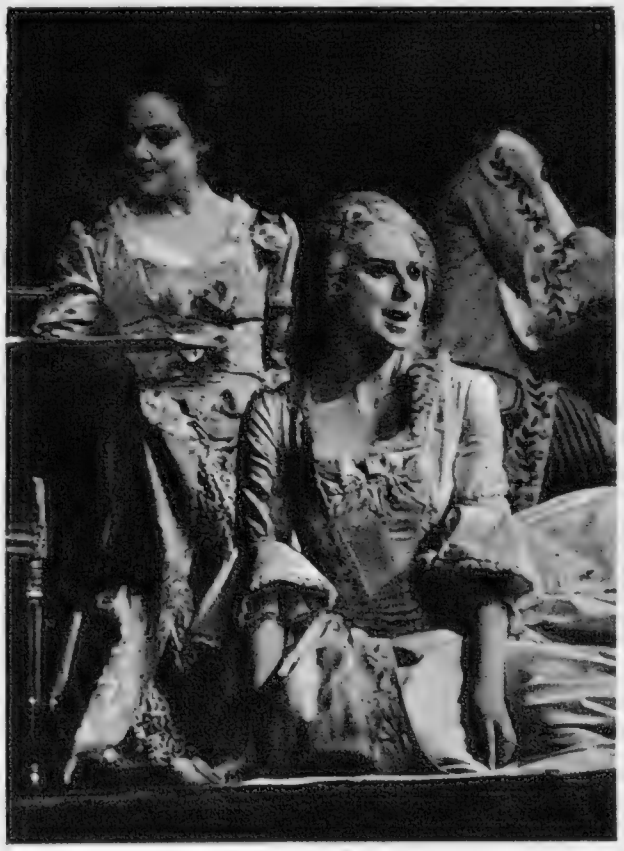
Thrillers of the week are HOURS TO KILL (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.), by Miss Ursula Curtiss, which is set in New Mexico, ingenious and not quite thrilling enough, and DEATH ON THE AGENDA (Crime Club. 12s. 6d.), by Miss Patricia Moyes, which is as clever as paint, has an unusual League-of-Nations-building background and some admirable character drawing. There is also Mr. Gil North's SERGEANT CLUFF GOES FISHING (Chapman and Hall. 14s.), a placid title which belies a satisfyingly active plot and a fresh talent.

THE SECOND CHANDLER OMNIBUS (Hamish Hamilton. 25s.) includes three of the master's books: *The Little Sister*, *The Long Good-Bye* and *Playback*. As such it is, of course, wonderful value especially for those who, like Somerset Maugham, J. B. Priestley and Elizabeth Bowen, admire his astringent brilliance. In RAYMOND CHANDLER SPEAKING (Hamish Hamilton. 21s.) we have a collection of his letters, the first chapters of the book on which he was working at his death in 1959 and a few other examples of his unpublished writing. The volume, edited by Dorothy Gardiner and Kathrine Sorley Walker, is at its best and most revealing in the letters discussing technical matters, other writers' work, and so on. But it is all very worth while.

Vernon Fane

Photograph by Anthony Crickmay

ERIK BRUHN from Denmark, one of the finest male classical dancers in the world, partners Nadia Nerina in the *Don Quixote* pas de deux. He is appearing as a guest with the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden in April and May



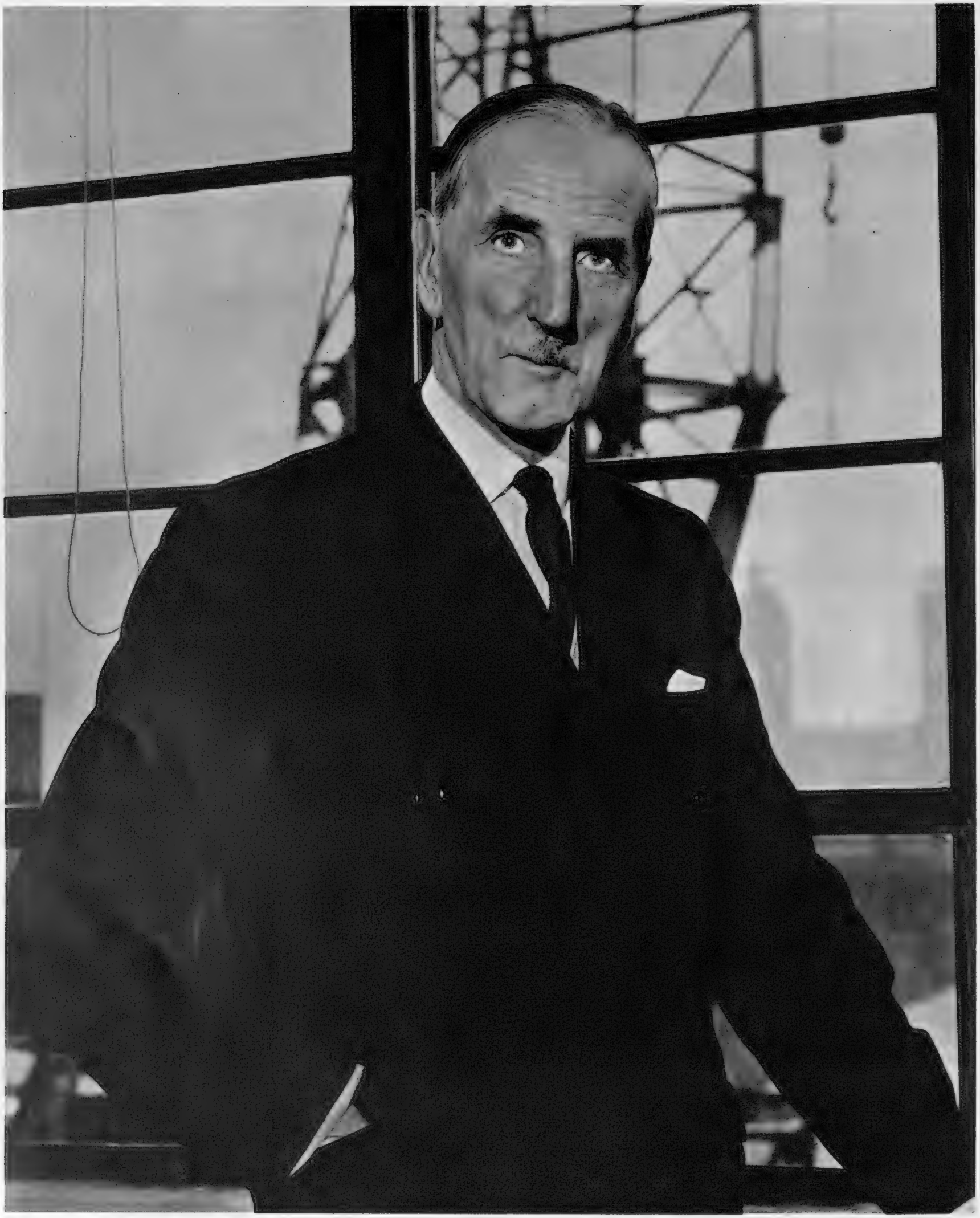
Photographs by Reg Wilson

Marquise de Merteuil (Irene Worth), Mlle. de Volanges (Patricia England) and Vicomte de Valmont (Keith Michell)

The Royal Shakespeare Company have brought into their repertory an ingenious adaptation of Choderlos de Laclos' novel, *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, a scintillating if cold-blooded examination of sexual manners which has been scandalising people since it was published in 1782. The adaptation is in the form of a reading in costume by five actors and a narrator.

THE ART OF SEDUCTION

at the Aldwych Theatre



LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Sir Rupert De la Bère

Sir Rupert De la Bère, Bt., K.C.V.O., chairman, Proprietors of Hay's Wharf Ltd., and other companies, stands at the window of his office at Hay's Wharf which stretches along the south bank of the Thames, almost from Cannon Street to Tower Bridge. To many people his name became familiar when he was the Lord Mayor of London during Coronation Year. As a captain in the East Surrey Regiment, he served in the First World War, in India, Mesopotamia and Egypt. He was seconded to the R.F.C. and then the R.A.F., graduating at Aboukir in Egypt. From 1935 to 1950, he sat as Conservative Member of Parliament for the Evesham division of Worcestershire, and then from 1950 to 1955 for South Worcestershire. He was knighted in 1952 and created a baronet in 1953. He has also been honoured by a number of European countries. Besides being Lord Mayor of London from 1952-53, he was one of the Sheriffs of the City of London from 1941-42. Sir Rupert, who has two sons and three daughters, lives at Crowborough in Sussex, and is a keen farmer. His wife is the eldest daughter of the late Sir John Humphery. Sir Rupert's hobby is riding with his daughter Valerie in Ashdown Forest at the weekends, although he has not hunted for many years

UNFAIR TO SCOTLAND?

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

When Colvilles Ltd. recently drew another £20,000,000 of the loan that the Government is making to them to finance the steel strip mill which they are now not too far from completing at Ravenscraig, they may have done so with mixed feelings. That loan of £60,000,000 was offered three years ago at what might now seem the high point of the Government's concern with offering inducements to industry to develop declining areas of the British economy, and Scotland in particular. These later instalments of it are being drawn during a period when its adherence to that whole policy is becoming slightly open to doubt.

For Colvilles, in particular, the Government's financial encouragement of development in Scotland must now seem rather sadly amended by its decision that the much longer-established policy of subsidising Scottish coal should be discarded. The National Coal Board's selective increases in coal prices last year were nothing like as large or as dramatic as the bigger increase about fifteen months before, but they were not less important in coal price policy. For the first time, prices were put up in some divisions of the coal industry and not in others, on the grounds that these were traditionally "loss areas," which could no longer be supported nearly as much by the highly productive and profitable areas of the Midlands.

From the point of view of the Coal Board, and perhaps of the British economy as a whole, that was a sensible decision. The losses on Scottish coal since the industry was nationalised have been immense, probably larger in total than that of the mining industry as a whole; it has often bitterly been said, indeed, that the one simple way the Coal Board could have converted its results from loss to profits would have been to stop mining in Scotland. Nor was this some new calamity due to State ownership; for many years before there had been "equalisation" arrangements that gave Scottish coal companies some assistance at the expense of more productive mining areas elsewhere.

Whether or not the National Coal Board was wise to plough as much investment into this so far unprofitable mining area after it took over is a moot point. Several of its most-publicised mining projects have turned out to be, simply, short of coal, so that their production hasn't justified the plans and have added to the area's losses instead of correcting them. Here again some argument has developed over whether the original responsibility lies with the Board's planners and geologists or with certain of the coal companies from which they took over plans already prepared; but the result has been to dampen some of the hopes of shifting the Scottish mining industry on to a more promising basis financially as well as geographically. It has also called into question the wisdom of the board's investing, until recently, some £15,000,000 a year in Scottish mining—a larger percentage of capital investment than the area has provided of total British coal output.

Nevertheless, this selective shift in its price pattern has raised for the most important Scottish coal consumers—Scottish industry, including the many firms that have been attracted there in recent years by the various inducements offered by the Government—quite a significant question about their future costs. On coal alone, it is doubtful whether this price increase has gone the whole way; it may mean that on operating costs alone the Scottish collieries now about break even, but whether they are contributing anything to the industry's interest charges is doubtful. If they were asked to pay their way on a fully commercial basis after remunerating their capital investment, it seems likely that Scottish industry would have to face yet another selective increase in its fuel costs.

One could regard this as a hint that the Government cares less than it did about regional development in areas where the traditional industries have been in decline. On the other hand, one could simply conclude that the Scottish industry development relying on coal as a fuel—coal mined locally, at any rate—is not a course to choose. Can industry look for alternative fuels?

To some considerable degree, of course, it does so already. Consumption of "the black oils" has risen considerably in Scotland in recent years, as in Britain as a whole. There is one big refinery in Scotland, at Grangemouth, which can now be served by the largest tankers in service; and access to supplies of petroleum products from other companies is relatively good for Scotland's industrialised areas, where the main bulk of demand is located. Some of Scotland's electricity, moreover, will be coming from sources other than Scottish coal—a sizeable amount already from hydro-electricity and, soon, supplies from the South of Scotland's new nuclear power station at Hunterston.

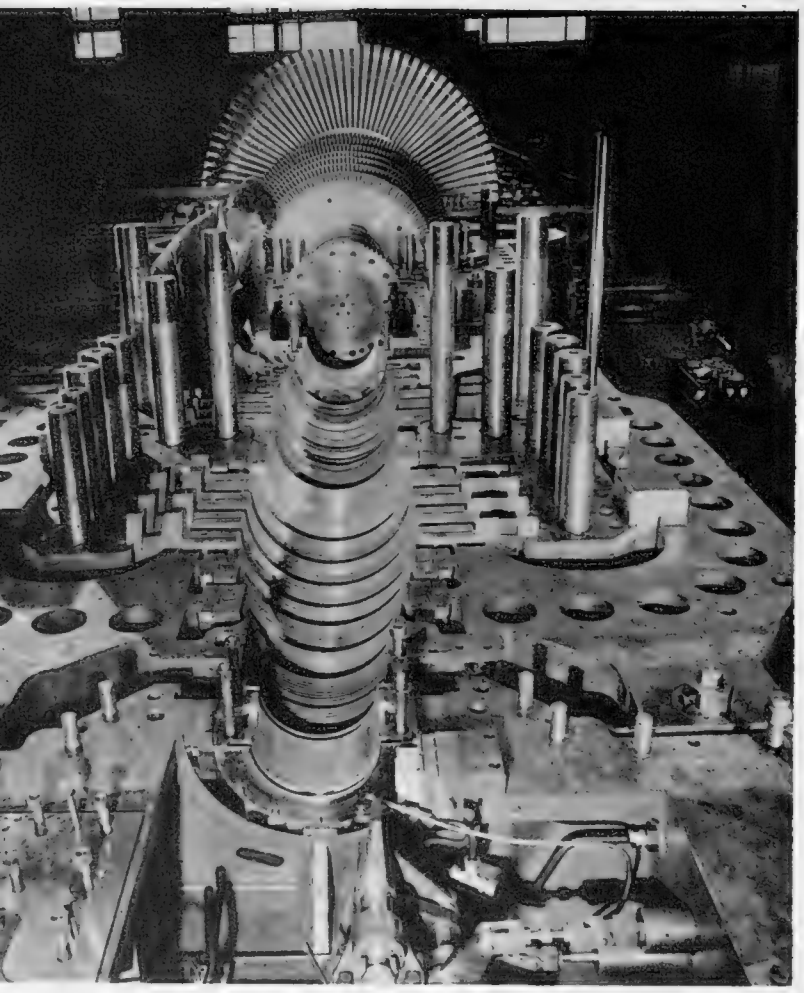
But the big question about fuel for any area where British coal costs are rising disproportionately is the cost of importing it from outside. It has recently been reckoned that Colvilles could import American coking coal for perhaps 15s. a ton cheaper than it can buy Scottish, owing to the low prices at the American seaboard and the extremely depressed levels of freight rates for transatlantic shipping. Whether Colvilles actually applied to the Minister of Power for permission to do so was not clear at the time of writing. But Sir Andrew McCance, the company's chairman, several times referred to the possibility in complaining about the burden.

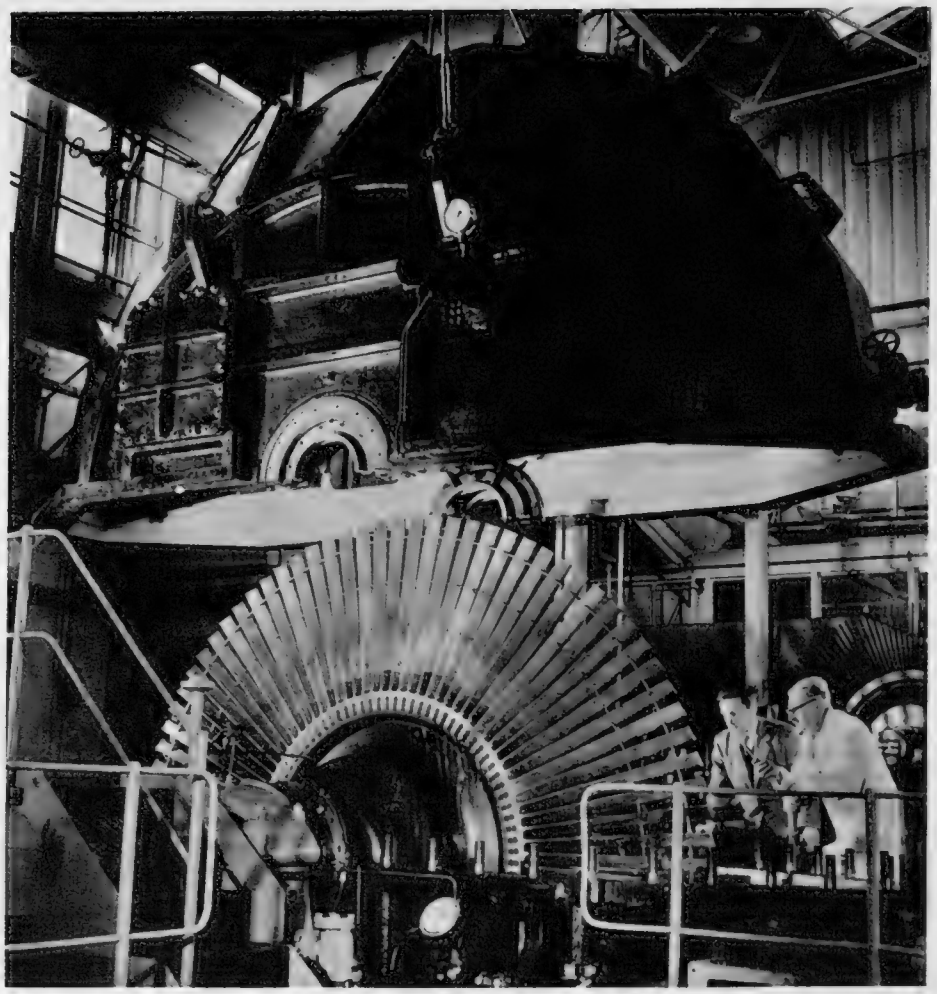
The National Coal Board naturally opposes any such import, feeling that any breach in the effective protection that it enjoys against American imports might encourage applications from coastal consumers at many points in the country. It argues that for several years after the war, when coal was short, it was obliged by the Government to import coal at high prices and sell it to industry at its own lower prices (which accounts for much of its accumulated deficit). This is a fair historical argument, but consumers may feel past mistakes have nothing to do with making fresh ones now. Colvilles in particular can argue that a few years ago it was attracted by Government finance into an investment that it might otherwise not have undertaken, and an investment that on the coldest-blooded assessment of real costs inside Britain might have seemed less than economic. Now the traditional, perhaps too favourable, pattern of Scottish costs is being one-sidedly altered, towards what may be realistic in terms of Scottish-mined coal but certainly isn't in terms of international fuel prices.

Some of us who criticised the original Government decision to locate a strip mill in Scotland at all, feeling that it would be unable to compete with other locations such as the Newport site of the other new British mill (or possibly with certain Midlands coastal sites), may still feel rather sympathetic towards Colvilles. The mid-sixties do not look like being a very profitable time for companies making strip and sheet steel—even though these have recently been allowed a disproportionately high increase in their prices by the Iron and Steel Board.

A surplus of flat steel capacity seems fairly certain to develop in Europe for some years at least. During those years, when the competition—within the Common Market, with Britain a likely member—will become much freer, the Ravenscraig semi-continuous mill may well have significantly higher costs than some of the others. Whether it should have been located there in the first place, as a result of political rather than economic decisions, may be questionable. But now it is there, and the coal costs upon which it presumably counted have suddenly been increased. Ought it not to be allowed to get the best alternative that it can in the world market? There are limits, certainly, upon the import of American coal to most European countries, if not the absolute ban effective here. But how long that ban can be fully maintained is one of the first questions for Britain and its future Continental partners to face now that Britain, which includes Scotland, is seeking to join the European Coal-Steel Community.

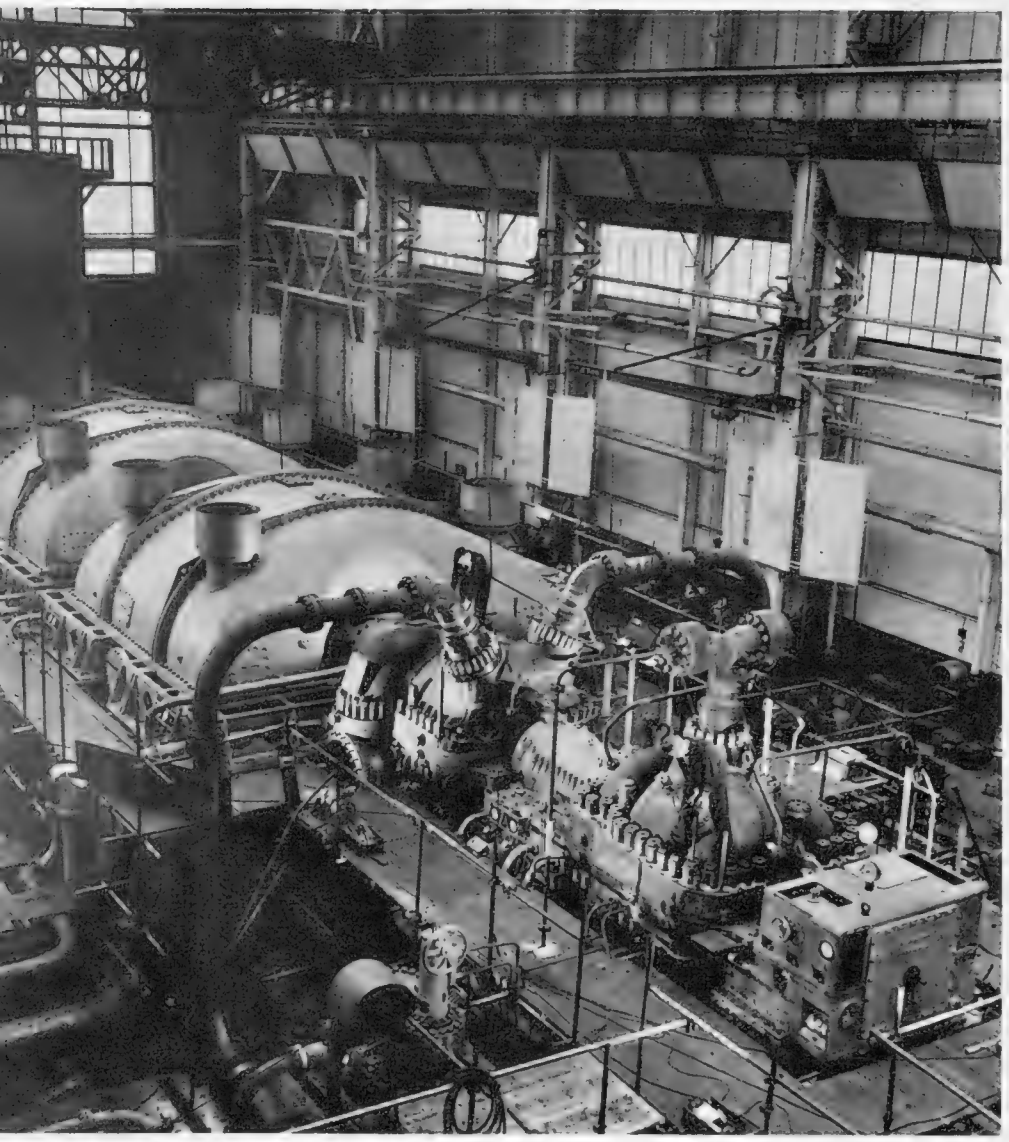
Visual Approach Slope Indicator (VASI) units, made by G.E.C. (Lighting and Equipment) Ltd., in operation at Luton Airport. The units, which are approximately 5 ft. square, are placed in two lines at the beginning and end of the touch-down zone at right-angles to the runway. A pilot on a correct angle of descent sees a white light from the first line and red from the second. Other combinations show if he is too high or too low. It was announced recently that the Australian Government have ordered 96 VASI units, at a cost of £20,000. Enough to equip eight airports they are to undergo extensive field trials. Airports in many parts of the world use the units



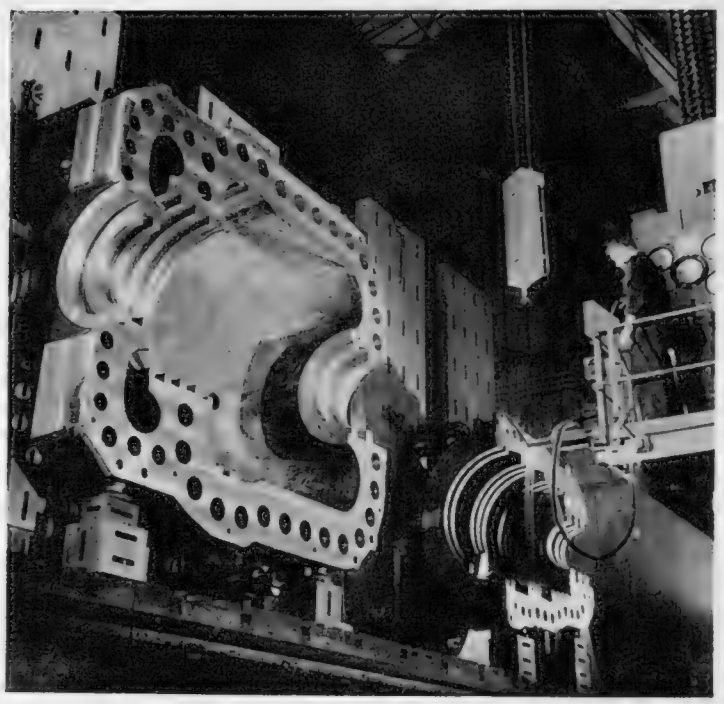


The first of the two steam turbines in course of assembly for final works tests. **Right:** A 36-in. low pressure bladed disc for the exhaust stages of steam turbines of 275 MW and over is subjected to vacuum tests at speeds of up to 3,500 r.p.m.

NEW STEAM TURBINES



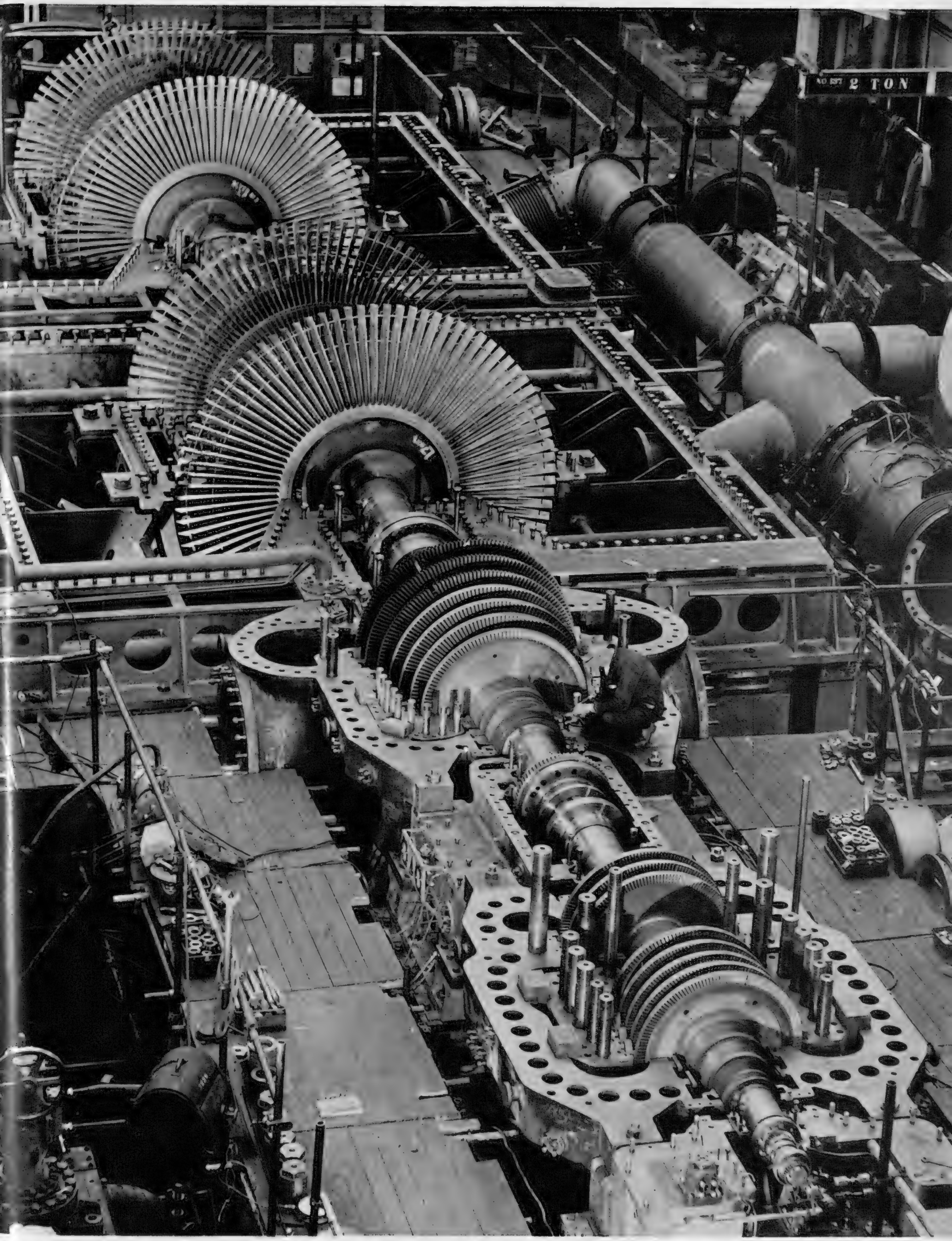
The first of the two turbines is seen assembled for final tests at English Electric's Rugby works



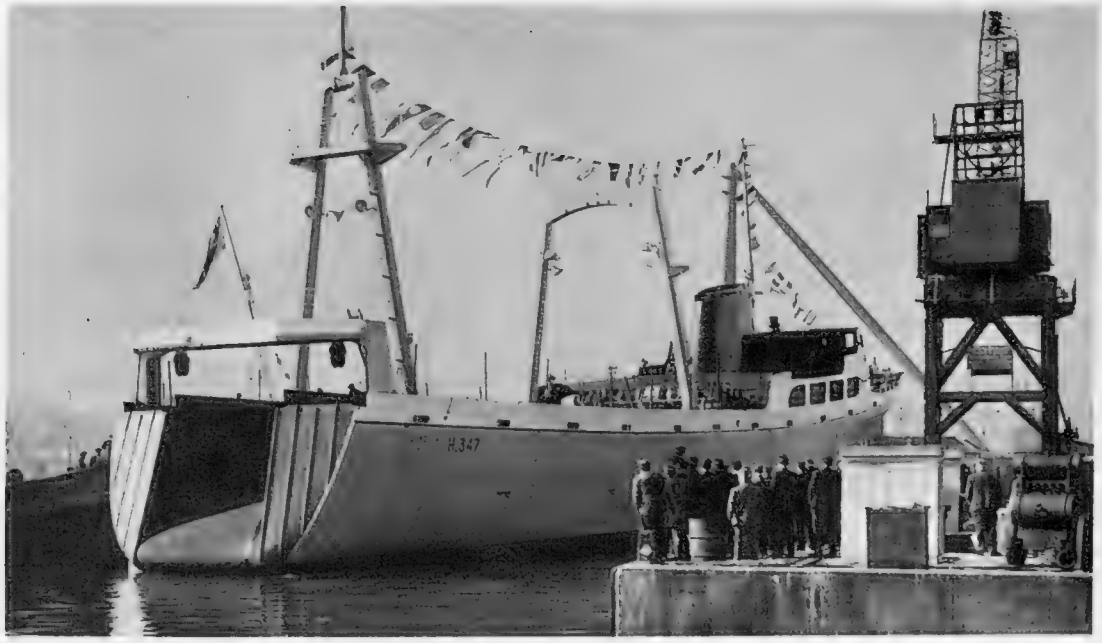
Drilling the bolt-hole in a flange joint of a casing for a large reheat steam turbine on a ram-mill and boring machine. Left is a completed drilled unit

The first of two 275,000-kW, single-shaft, 3,000-r.p.m. steam turbo-alternator sets to go into service in a British power station has been delivered to the Central Electricity Generating Board's Blyth "B" station in Northumberland, from the English Electric Company's works at Rugby. The 275-MW unit is a three-cylinder, 3,000-r.p.m. reheat turbine, with quadruple exhaust arranged as a tandem compound unit coupled to a hydrogen-cooled alternator of the direct-cooled type. Steam conditions at the high-pressure inlet will be 2,300 p.s.i.g., 1,050 degrees Fahrenheit and following reheat 565 p.s.i.g., 1,050 degrees Fahrenheit. It is fitted with 36-in.-long blading on a mean diameter of 100 ins. for the last blade of the low-pressure cylinder. This will be the longest blade used in a 3,000-r.p.m. turbine anywhere in the world. This advanced design has made it possible to increase substantially the steam pressures and temperatures and power output of these large generator sets.

English Electric at Rugby has received contracts to build a complete range of large single-line steam turbo-alternators with outputs up to 500 MW, both for the United Kingdom and overseas power stations. Since the last war the Company's Steam Turbine Division has received orders for more than 8,000,000 kW of steam equipment. Fifty years ago the Company was making only 1,000-kW sets. In 1945 turbo-generators in Britain were commonly of some 30,000-kW capacity and the design of 60,000-kW sets was just beginning. Since then, ever higher pressures and temperatures have been achieved by better research and design.



The first of the two steam turbines seen from the steam end, showing the rotors in bottom-half casings and the 36-in. blading of the low-pressure rotor



The 240-ft. trawler *Junella*, an all-refrigerated, diesel-electric boat from which fishing will be done over the specially-designed stern instead of over the side, is launched from the Hall, Russell and Company shipyard at Aberdeen

The new passenger-car ferry *Osborne Castle*, now operating between Southampton and Cowes, Isle of Wight

The tanker *Olympic Challenger* during discharging operations at

SHIPS FOR MANY TASKS

The observation lounge and **(right)** the saloon and bar of the *Osborne Castle* ferry. **Below:** Two views of the main deck

The new 730-ton twin-screw passenger and vehicle ferry *Osborne Castle* was built by John I. Thornycroft Co., Ltd., of Southampton, for the Southampton, Isle of Wight and South of England Royal Mail Steam Packet Co., Ltd. (Red Funnel Steamers). She has been developed from the *Carisbrooke Castle*, introduced in 1959. Forty-five vehicles can be carried on the main deck and there is unrestricted height at the fore-end for lorries of up to 20 tons.

the quayside of Finnart by Loch Long, Scotland

The 22,500-ton *Queen of Bermuda* after extensive modernisation at Harland and Wolff's yards in Belfast. She will shortly resume service on the New York-Bermuda run

The 10,650-ton cargo vessel *Baxtergate* on trials in the Firth of Forth. She has been built by the Burntisland Shipbuilding Co., Ltd., for the Turnbull Scott Shipping Company

Below: Another view of the tanker *Olympic Challenger* at BP's Finnart quayside on Loch Long while discharging her cargo of 62,000 tons of crude oil from Syria and Persia

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

SWEET PROFITS

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

In Britain last year businessmen, housewives and schoolchildren spent a record amount on sweets—£272,000,000. On average, this worked out at £5 3s. 1d. for every man, woman and child. In terms of weight, it represented 8 ozs. a week for the average Briton, a larger intake than for any other country in the world. These details of spending on sweets, recently issued by one of the City's leading cocoa merchants, show that expenditure increased by £8,000,000 during 1961.

Britain's sweet and confectionery industry has been through difficult periods over the past ten years. Once rationing was ended, competition became intense. The large companies used advertising to support their products, and many of the smaller chocolate-makers had their problems increased by fluctuating prices for cocoa, the main raw material.

At the top of Britain's chocolate industry stand the privately controlled Bournville, Fry and Cadbury group. The parent concern, the British Cocoa and Chocolate Company, ranks as one of this country's major industrial companies. Its last balance sheet showed assets of more than £80,000,000 with profits approaching £5,000,000 after tax. Sales have advanced steadily over recent years, from just over £76,000,000 in 1955 to more than £86,000,000 in 1960. Profits have followed a rather different course, matching fluctuations in wages and material costs.

British Cocoa and Chocolate has no ordinary shares quoted on a stock exchange. But the patient investor will note that several trusts have been formed to market parts of this large group's capital. One of these trusts is Somerdale Investments, whose shares are quoted only on the Bristol Stock Exchange, and whose assets consist almost entirely of ordinary and preference shares in British Cocoa and Chocolate Company. Somerdale shares are not easy to come by, and the yield is rather below the investment trust average. But at present Somerdale ordinaries represent one of the few ways of buying shares in the Cadbury-Bournville-Fry group.

After Cadbury, one of the best-known names in the industry is that of John Mackintosh. This is an £8,000,000 concern, based on Halifax, which includes A. J. Caley. Like Cadbury, John Mackintosh has shown fluctuating profits: its 1954 post-war peak of £800,000 net earnings was exceeded only in 1960. Unlike Cadbury, this group has shares quoted on stock exchanges, and public shareholders have seen their dividends rise steadily.

Lord Mackintosh, the chairman, explained to shareholders last year that larger profits have been achieved only by increased sales. Turnover in weight has grown by 87 per cent. since rationing ended, precisely the same as the profit expansion.

John Mackintosh's growth has not been steady, and for some of the smaller firms in the industry, problems have been intensified by fluctuating sales. This pointed to the advantages of merger moves, and the firm of J. A. and P. Holland—in which the Granada commercial television and theatre group have a stake—seized the merger initiative.

In 1960 the group launched a series of take-overs, fully backed by the respective boards. Holland took over Fillerys Toffees, Walters Palm Toffee, the Ewbank liquorice firm, and S. Parkinson of Doncaster. In the late summer of last year, Holland established what is probably a take-over record by merging with more than twenty companies in only three months. Holland's spate of take-overs makes it difficult to compare recent profit figures, for the benefit of these acquisitions—through rationalisation as well as expansion of the business—has still to appear.

While the production side of the confectionery industry has been growing, the retail side of the business has also expanded. Maynards is one of the leading shop groups, selling through some 300 outlets in Britain. Profits have fallen slightly over the last two years, mainly because of difficulties in Canada.

One other retail confectionery group, which has attracted a good deal of City interest, is the Hocroft Trust. This is a holding company, created by a leading City merchant bank out of Mayfair Products, a confectionery producing company which ran into difficulties during the middle '50's. Hocroft's main interest now consists of the Birrell group of shops, controlling some 150 outlets in Scotland and North-East England.

Outside the large groups, both in manufacturing and retailing, a number of medium-sized companies operate. Shares in these firms tend to offer dividend yields above average for the industry, mainly because of competitive pressures and the sharp sales and profit fluctuations which took place during the '50's. One of these medium-sized groups is Needlers, of East Yorkshire, whose shares were sold to the public only four years ago. Needlers' profits declined between 1957 and 1960, but recently-issued figures for 1961 suggest a strong recovery.

For investors as a whole, the clear choice lies between the larger units in confectionery production and distribution—John Mackintosh and Maynards. For investors who are prepared to support managerial talent as a pointer to possible capital growth, Holland as a producer, and Hocroft as a seller of sweets, seem attractive.

GOOD LIVING

By Ganymede

There was an incredible abundance of food and drink from every corner of the globe at the third annual Delicatessen Exhibition held at the two Horticultural Halls in London. On the variety of the various specialities shown alone it must be regarded as a great achievement. For it is not often that so many countries, regardless of oceans or curtains dividing them, can be found exhibiting their specialities under one roof (disregarding the fact that both the new and the old halls were used). Variety in food and drink is most desirable; we can never have too much of it. And variety there was. Even the greatest experts, who might have considered that they had seen it all, were bound to find new products and new ideas. There were several products never before seen in this country.

In view of the undoubted service which is rendered to the gastronome, gourmet, and even the "man in the street" by such a magnificent show, one hesitates to make critical comments. All the same, I am a little worried about the meaning of the whole thing. First of all I am not really happy with the word "delicatessen" itself. Why must it be used, when it is simply German for "delicacies"? The expression has probably reached us via the U.S., where it may have seeped into common usage after having been introduced by Teutonic immigrants. At any rate, judging by this exhibition, the word meaning delicacies is very loosely applied. Perhaps "food specialities" would be a better description.

I greatly admire the usefulness of porridge which can be made ready for eating by plunging it complete with its cellophane bag into boiling water, thus avoiding a dirty saucepan and rather messy washing-up. This might be welcomed as the brightest idea of the century by labour-saving-conscious housewives, but with the best of will cannot be put into the same category as caviar, *foie gras*, or other true delicacies. Among the many hundreds of interesting and, in some cases, new products a great number would not qualify for the description of "delicacy," not to mention the fact that, most surprisingly, wines and liqueurs were also shown.

Displaying Nigerian food at the third Delicatessen Exhibition

There were many exciting exhibits, none the less. The largest single exhibit was put on by a group of thirty-five French exporters. Collectively and individually this made such a fine show, that it would have made a complete exhibition on its own. It included *foie gras* from Strasburg, wines from Bordeaux, the Rhône and Champagne, spirits from Cognac, Alsace, and Angers (Cointreau, who, apart from their famous liqueur showed a Cointreau flavoured marmalade), and Armagnac. Every kind of canned and frozen food was shown, so were biscuits and rusks. French mustards and a gamut of France's 300 cheeses were only to be expected.

If not quite on such a lavish scale, other countries had collective stands. Spain sent canned vegetables and fruits, olive oil, *turron* (Spanish Nougat), and some table wines. Olives, green and black, graded into many sizes, were shown by an Algerian importer, while another firm specialised in the produce of Greece, showing a five-star brandy (which, I must confess, I have not tasted), Retzina, Ouzo, Mavrodaphne and other wines, cigarettes and olives.

Many of the exhibitors were importers, who do not restrict themselves to any one country's produce, but have a whole string, some dealing with one side of the Iron Curtain only, others dealing in a mixture of the lot. To show the universal meaning of "delicatessen" on this occasion, I must mention the presence of the famous "Godiva" chocolates from Belgium (in my view the Belgians make the best chocolates in the world). The reader will get an even better idea of the multitude of specialities included when I tell him that one stand was entirely devoted to Smith's Potato Crisps. There were also various makes of Italian pasta, many spices, and Chiltern Herbs Limited were showing what I consider the best substitute for fresh herbs, their selection of dried ones.

So far it is all very useful, interesting and exciting. I have to strike a slightly more depressed note when I come to recording another kind of exhibit evident on several stands. There were sauces, ready made in bottles, and I don't mean only sauces prepared to special formulæ, only available in that form, such as the ones made by the firm named after the famous Escoffier. I have no objection to those, but I was sorry to see many of the kind which should be prepared at home: *sauce tartare*, *holandaise*, shrimp, and others. However good they are, they can never match the sauce freshly made at home by a good cook. In principle I really object to anything other than fresh food, should it be tinned or frozen. Using cans or frozen stuff is forgivable, however, when it is the only form in which that particular food is available. But to encourage the use of ready-made preparations when they could be easily made at home is not.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

VISITING IRELAND THIS YEAR?

IT WOULD APPEAR that a great many are, for I have had over 700 inquiries since the beginning of the year. To those whose first visit it will be, my advice is take your car, or hire a self-drive, or chauffeur-driven one the other side and thus see the cream of the country.

Many ask me for an itinerary, but I find it difficult to oblige, seeing my inquirers rarely tell me how long a holiday they are taking and what mileage per day they wish to cover.

As a member of the Automobile Association, I put myself in their hands and find their *Road Book of Ireland* invaluable, with its gazetteer, itineraries, maps and town plans. I have worked out from it an itinerary which has the advantage that it can be covered leisurely in a month, or being a circular tour can be broken off at any point where a quicker return is essential to one's port of departure.

Supplementary to this suggested tour I have included the names of personally recommended hotels based on a trip last year, dividing the itinerary into sections. I leave it to readers to apportion the days at their disposal.

Let's start at Dublin and circuit the country clockwise.

STAGE 1—DUBLIN: Two nights at least should be spent in Ireland's largest city. My choice for you would be a weekend, for in all cities buildings and surroundings can be better absorbed when the wheels of commerce and industry are stilled. The first-grade hotels are the *Gresham*, *Shelbourne*, *Royal Hibernian* and *Russell*. Each have restaurants, grill-room and cocktail bars open to non-residents. All should be sampled. For smaller and less expensive hotels, choose from *Buswells* and the *Ivanhoe*.

STAGE 2—GLENDALOUGH: The glens of Wicklow and the scenic Wicklow mountains are the main exercise on this stage. Take AA route No. 63 to Glendalough, 32 miles, and visit Avoca, Woodenbridge, winding up the day at either Greystones, *La Touche Hotel*, on the sea, *Old Conna Hill Hotel* at Bray with sea and mountain views, or *Glen View Hotel*, near Delgany, overlooking Glen o' the Downs, all different in character but each well recommended—say 60 miles all in.

STAGE 3—Pick up AA route No. 32 at Glen o' the Downs, proceed as for Gorey (56 miles). Now leave the route for Courtown Harbour and our recommended hotel *Middleton House*, and take the narrower secondary coastal road through Curracloe to Wexford and on to Rosslare. Stay for the odd night at the *Talbot Hotel*, Wexford, and for a complete family holiday the *Strand Hotel*, Rosslare—mileage for the day about 100.

STAGE 4—A day of leisurely motoring. Follow AA route No. 36 as far as Kilkenny, 63 miles. Then route 217 to Cashel, 35 miles, spend the night at *Cashel Palace Hotel* (opening at Easter) or continue five miles beyond Cahir to *Kilcoran Lodge Hotel*—a total of 116 miles for the day.

STAGE 5—Now we are comfortably poised to reach Ireland's south-west coast: Cashel to Bantry on AA route No. 11 is 118 miles. Personally I advocate at Cork taking the AA route No. 20 to New Bridge, and there taking AA route No. 79 to Ballylickey. Sixty miles to Cork for lunch, and 54 miles on, 114 miles in all. Ballylickey is a must for a night and preferably longer. Choose from *Ballylickey House Hotel* or *Ardnagashel House* five miles farther on.

STAGE 6—Now you are in an area where you will find your main difficulty in life is the choice: from Ballylickey proceed to Kenmare, *Great Southern Hotel*, and do the Ring o' Kerry circuit. You could well stop at any of the following on the line of route; *Tahilla Cove*, near Parknasilla, *Great Southern Hotel*, Parknasilla, or *Southern Lake Hotel* at Waterville, and so round to Killarney, a fascinating circuit of about 90 miles from Kenmare around to Killarney.

STAGE 7—Stop in Killarney you *must*. Fortunately there are some excellent hotels, so choose from *Great Southern*, the recently built *Empire*, and the attractive *Castlerosse* designed on motel lines.

STAGE 8—Make for Tralee, 20 miles. Recommended hotel *Benners*. A good touring centre. If time permits the Dingle peninsula is worth visiting. Now we retrace our tracks on to the Killarney/Limerick road (see AA route No. 29) and stop for the night or nights ten miles south of Limerick at the excellent *Dunraven Arms*, Adare. With diversions to Tralee, about 85 miles for the day.

STAGE 9—A look-see at Limerick and northward bound to Galway, still AA route No. 29. Note the little Irish town of Gort, *Glynns Hotel*, 54 miles. Good for a night or a meal. Galway, too, suggests a halt, so list the *Great Southern Hotel* or, if you are itching to push on to Connemara, take your pick from Oughterard, *Currarevagh Hotel*; Cashel Bay, *The Zetland Hotel*, or *Renvyle Hotel*, Renvyle. Adare to Galway is 75 miles, and on to Renvyle 56 miles.

STAGE 10—To complete the circuit of Connemara, proceed from Renvyle to Leenane and turn south-east for a memorable lunch at that fabulous hotel *Ashford Castle*, Cong. Distance from Renvyle is 38 miles. Here you may well wish to stay another year.

After lunch *via* Ballinrobe, Westport, proceed to Newport. My recommendations are *Newport House Hotel*, *The Great Southern* at Mulrany, gateways for Achill Island, or if time presses take AA route No. 22 at Castlebar for *Pontoon Bridge Hotel*, near Foxford, a surprising find in delectable scenery, about 40 miles. Estimated mileage for the day about 80.

STAGE 11—Assuming you stay overnight at the three previously-mentioned hotels, rejoin AA route No. 22 at Foxford, proceed to Ballina, 5 miles and continue on AA route No. 16 to Sligo, *Great Southern Hotel*, about 38 miles on. Another 22 miles on, you will come to Bundoran, and though it is only 65 miles from Foxford, I urge a night's stay for the next day means a full day's motoring—recommended hotel at Bundoran is *Great Southern Hotel*.

STAGE 12—An exciting day if the weather is fine for, after reaching Donegal, 19 miles on, you should take the western mountains AA route No. 49 to *Rosapenna Hotel*, 92 miles on and it is slow going. The easier, but less interesting route, is the AA 31 about 60 miles from Donegal. Recommended hotels: *Rosapenna* four-star AA or, farther on, about 15 miles, Rathmullen—*Fort Royal Hotel*.

STAGE 13—We have met with disappointment on the coast line of Northern Ireland, though last year my wife and I were attracted, from a family holiday point of view, to the *Bay Hotel* at Port Ballintrae, near Portrush. For the purposes of this article, from the Donegal coast make for 'Derry (Londonderry) and then get on to AA route No. 18 to Larne, 72 miles, say 100 miles from Rosapenna. Turn north to Ballygally, *Castle Hotel*, for a run up the Antrim coast road as far as Cushendall and back, say 50 miles, and then southward to Belfast for the night. Recommended hotel—*The Windsor*—a fully licensed country-house hotel off the Holywood-Bangor road.

STAGE 14—Take my tip, leave the A1 direct Belfast/Dublin road at Banbridge, 24 miles, and make a circuit *via* Newcastle, Kilkeel, Warrenpoint to Newry. The scenery is worth it. Lunch or stay the night near Dundalk on the Greenore road at *Ballymascanlon House Hotel*.

STAGE 15—As an alternative make farther south-west for *Park Hotel*, Virginia, reached from Dundalk by the Cavan Road. A charming hotel for a complete holiday. Then on to the end of the circuit—Dublin 65 miles.

Fifteen days as a minimum, three weeks for full enjoyment. I leave it to you to adjust my suggestions for your leisure and pleasure.

BANTRY BAY, CO. CORK. ARDNAGASHEL HOUSE

An incomparable position, only five yards from the edge of land-locked Bantry Bay, for an informal holiday with friendly hosts, and food and wine that attracts the connoisseur. For sailing, sea fishing, swimming, sightseeing and sunbathing, you had better lose no time in making your reservation. Look out for the entrance arch four miles from Ballylickey on the Bantry-Glengariff road. Tel.: Bantry 72.

Nr. BANTRY, CO. CORK. BALLYLICKEY HOUSE HOTEL

This country-house hotel of the first grade was enlarged and mainly redesigned and refurnished in 1960-61. Standing on a knoll above the Bantry/Glengariff road, here will be experienced—thanks to an Irish and French marriage—a happy blending of Continental style food and wine with the warmth of Irish hospitality. Tel.: Bantry 71.

Nr. BRAY, CO. WICKLOW. OLD CONNA HILL HOTEL

To call for a meal, to stay for a week, will be an experience never-to-be-forgotten. Only twelve miles from Dublin, this stately Irish home set in 200 acres looks across to the sea and mountains, embraces luxury, elegance and superb food. Do not miss it. Tel.: Bray 2904.

Nr. CAHIR, CO. TIPPERARY. KILCORAN LODGE HOTEL

Five miles west of Cahir, the entrance gates abut the Dublin/Cork main road. For country-house comfort, a quiet night's sleep, a week or more, Kilcoran Lodge and its kitchen craft can be well recommended for contented hours. Tel.: Cahir 261.

CASHEL, CO. TIPPERARY. CASHEL PALACE HOTEL

Opening for the first time at Easter 1962, this once palace of the Archbishop of Cashel has been converted on luxury lines, each bedroom having its own private bathroom and telephone. One hundred miles from Dublin on the main road to Cork, Cashel Palace will prove a comfortable and satisfactory discovery. Tel.: Cashel 131.

Nr. DELGANY, CO. WICKLOW. GLENVIEW HOTEL

Well named indeed, for this deservedly popular hotel among Dublin's good food lovers, stands in the Glen of the Downs, eighteen miles south of Dublin and perfectly situated for exploring the Wicklow mountains and seaboard. Tel.: Bray 2896.

FOXFORD, CO. MAYO. PONTOON BRIDGE HOTEL

One of the most modernly equipped Irish hotels and second to none for its salmon, brown-trout, white-trout and pike fishing. Now under the same ownership as Hotel Tresanton, St. Mawes, South Cornwall, Pontoon Bridge Hotel will attract not only anglers but motorists travelling the Galway/Sligo road. Tel.: Foxford 20.

GREYSTONES, CO. WICKLOW. LA TOUCHE HOTEL

Eighteen miles south of Dublin by road or rail, within pleasant daily compass of the Wicklow Mountains, Avoca, Wooden Bridge and other beauty spots, this first-class fifty-bedroom hotel lends itself to the short or long term holiday visitor. One hundred yards from the sea, own croquet and tennis lawn. Open all the year, so well suited for off season vacations. Tel.: Greystones 4401.

NEWPORT, CO. MAYO. NEWPORT HOUSE

With this Georgian mansion of gracious living as his lodge, the sportsman can enjoy some of the best salmon, trout fishing and rough shooting in Ireland. Newport House is equally a homely base of rare vantage from which to enjoy the wild beauty of Connemara and Achill Island. Tel.: Newport 12.

ROSSLARE, CO. WEXFORD. STRAND HOTEL

A happy family holiday hotel where days of contentment embrace sands and safe bathing at the garden gate, golf, sea fishing, bird watching expeditions on the Saltee islands, catering skilfully geared for family needs and a wine cellar that gladdens the heart of the connoisseur. Best months? May and September. Tel.: Rosslare 114.

VIRGINIA, CO. CAVAN. THE PARK HOTEL

An admirable half-way house 'twixt Belfast and Dublin and a charming venue for a complete holiday. Overlooking Lough Ramor with extensive wooded grounds and nine-hole golf course, the hotel offers free golf, fishing, shooting, boating, television and indoor recreations. Modernly appointed bedrooms, some with private bathroom. Open all the year. C.H. throughout. Non-residents welcome. Tel.: Virginia 35.

WEXFORD, CO. WEXFORD. TALBOT HOTEL

A fascinating county, a modern model hotel and a town remarkably progressive and famed internationally for its annual Festival. The Talbot is essentially organised for the transient motorist in the season. Eighty-three modernly and individually appointed bedrooms, twenty-five with private bathrooms. Catering and service of a high standard Tel.: Wexford 36.

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MOTORING

A RADIO SERVICE

The Mont Blanc Tunnel; the Geneva Motor Show; and other topics

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

I have been talking with an Australian now working in London about a radio service for motorists which is being successfully operated in Melbourne to meet that need for traffic guidance which our own Automobile Association had in mind when it asked for a broadcasting licence.

Every day, during the rush periods, a local commercial radio station broadcasts traffic reports based on information sent in by a fleet of radio-equipped patrol cars and a spotter plane. The radio station claims that 67 per cent. of local motorists with car radios regularly listen to its programmes and that 97 per cent. always tune-in to the traffic reports. And it is interesting to note that 43 per cent. of the cars in Victoria registered since 1951 have radios.

What the A.A. asked the Pilkington Committee to recommend was the grant of a broadcasting licence to operate mobile transmitters on special occasions—air displays, agricultural shows, big sporting fixtures, Bank Holiday weekends, and so on—and send out traffic guidance, in collaboration with the police, on the medium wave-band.

The A.A. envisages the use of transmitters powerful enough to cover a radius of 20 to 24 miles. Motorists would be informed in advance when this service was to be provided by means of radio and Press announcements and roadside signs.

As I type this in my Geneva hotel bedroom I can see in the distance the snowclad beauty of Mont Blanc and I am reminded that motorists will not be able to drive through the tunnel that is being bored through this 15,781-ft.-high mountain until next year. This 7¼-mile tunnel, which will be the longest tunnel in the world, was to have been opened to traffic by the end of last year, but serious technical difficulties have been struck.

These have not only delayed the opening of the tunnel by more than a year but have put up the cost 2½ times: from £11,700,000 to £25,000,000. Italian and French teams have been drilling through Mont Blanc from opposite directions and the Italians have had the misfortune to come up against geological problems which the French have been spared. It was thought that Mont Blanc comprised hard, dry granite, but on the Italian side soft, brittle rock and large quantities of water have been encountered.

One wonders if the task of digging a tunnel under the English Channel might not produce similar surprises, delays and increases in cost, though I realise that if a rail tunnel *is* decided on, it will probably take the form of prefabricated "tubes" laid in shallow trenches on the sea-bed.

The Mont Blanc tunnel is a breath-taking engineering enterprise, the progress of which British motorists have been watching with great interest with a view to possible inclusion in summer touring itineraries. The tunnel's chief value, though, will be in winter-time, when all the main mountain passes are sometimes blocked by snow simultaneously. It will provide an all-the-year road link between France and Italy and will be of great importance against the background of the Common Market.

The best thing about the Geneva Motor Show from Britain's point of view was the news that British cars have been selling so well in the highly competitive Swiss market in the first two months of 1962. We still have a depressingly small share of this market, especially having regard to the fact that European Free Trade Association tariff reductions which now total 40 per cent. have given us an advantage over Common Market rivals like VW and Mercedes-Benz of Germany; Renault, Citroen and Simca of France; and Fiat of Italy.

In 1961, as in the year before, Britain had to take fourth place among the nations exporting cars to Switzerland, with Germany first and France and Italy following in that order. We sold 9,549 cars in Switzerland last year compared with Germany's 52,918, France's 24,981 and Italy's 10,735. The number of Volkswagens sold was 21,750, more than twice as many as all the British cars put together.

Among the British makes Ford did best with 2,716, followed by B.M.C. (2,453) and Vauxhall (1,716). VW took 20 per cent. of the total market. Another German make—General Motors' Opel—claimed 13 per cent. Jaguars have a brilliant record in Switzerland, and I was glad to learn from Swiss motorists that the B.M.C. Minis are rapidly gaining ground after a period of suspicion during which these 845-c.c., front-wheel-drive saloons had to prove themselves.

A number of new models were making their first appearance at the Geneva Show, including the Mark X Jaguar, Vauxhall Victor, Hillman Super Minx and the new 1·6-litre B.M.C. models (with the new Borg-Warner automatic gear-box as an optional extra), but it was, quite frankly, a disappointing Show.

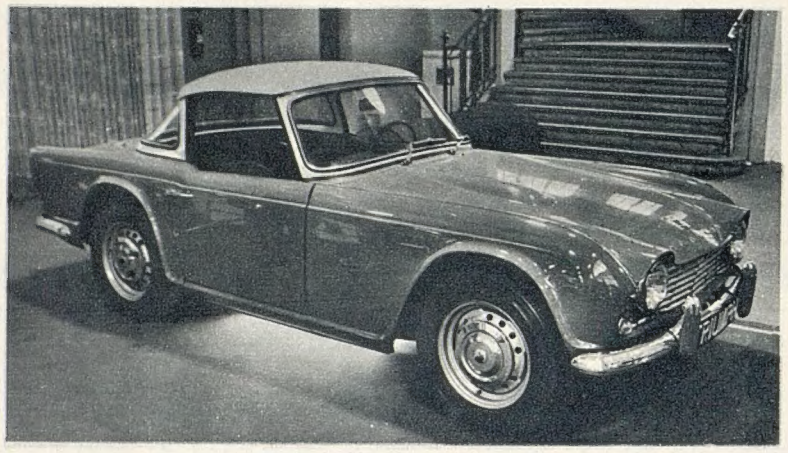
I have already written about the new Mercedes-Benz 300 SE two-door coupé (available in hard-top or convertible form) and the new Renault Floride (with a bigger engine of 956 c.c., 20 per cent. more power, British disc brakes all round and a radiator behind the rear-mounted engine). What I did not know about before going to Geneva was a stylish two-door coupé version of the new 1,000-c.c., rear-engined Simca which appears to be a direct challenge to the new Floride, though I understand this newcomer to the field of sophisticated motoring will not be in serious production for some time.

The new Simca is styled by Bertone and will be available in two forms: a standard model with a speed of over 80 m.p.h. and a hotted-up version capable of over 90. Two extra passengers can be squeezed into the back seat, the squab of which can be folded down to provide more luggage-space on a flat floor. In Switzerland the standard model costs the equivalent of £1,000.

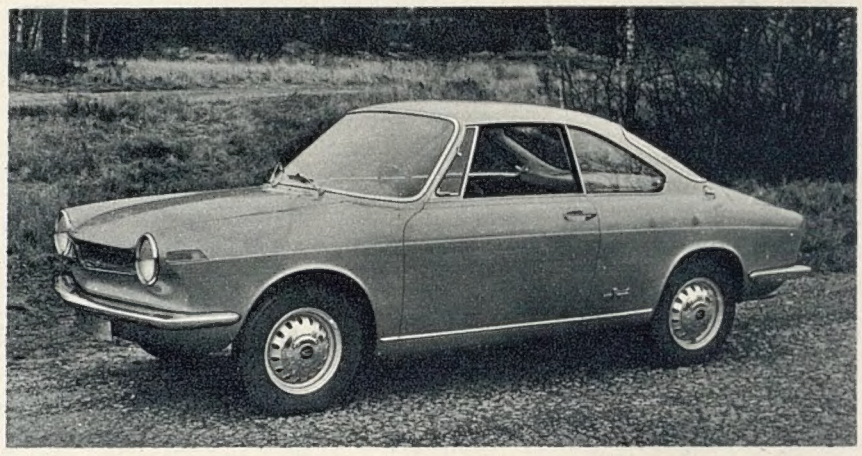
All retail supplies of Shell-Mex and BP motor lubricant are now being sold in metal containers filled and sealed at this organisation's Barton installation at Trafford Park, Manchester. The supply of pint and quart cans will replace the old "bottle or jug" method of leaving it to the garage man to draw off enough oil from a barrel to meet a customer's immediate needs or to measure out pints and quarts into bottles from bulk supplies for ready-to-serve storage on the forecourt.

It is claimed for the new system that it is cleaner and scientifically ensures that a motorist gets his money's worth at all times. This is important with oil costing from 2s. 2½d. a pint for "single" grades to 4s. 11½d. a quart for grades of constant viscosity. The Shell and BP oil tins are "strip-sealed": that is to say, the garage man or motorist tears back a strip of metal to uncover two holes in the top of the can: one to admit air, the other for pouring the oil.

Briefly.... Dunlop announce a new series of five road maps of Europe (covering groups of countries and costing 3s. 6d. each), a fourth "Width of Road" map (Wales and West Midlands; 5s.) and a new edition of *Motoring About London* (extended to include Windsor and still costing 4s.). ... Latest version of the Travelette folding caravan built by Sherman of Mount Street, W.1, costs £307 and weighs only 5¼ cwt. .... Ann Wisdom, famous British rally driver and partner of Pat Moss, was married at Ferring, Sussex, to Peter Riley, himself a member of the B.M.C. rally team and son of a Midlands glass manufacturer, now retired. ... Avon are using an improved tread rubber of the high-hysteresis "cling" type for their Turbospeed tyre for fast motoring. Prices unchanged.



The new Triumph TR4 pictured at the Geneva Motor Show



The two-door coupé version of the new 1,000 c.c. rear-engined Simca

The Sunday Times Colour Section

This is one of the few colour photographs of Adolf Hitler in existence. Taken from the files of The Sunday Times illustrating a recent exclusive colour feature on Hitler, it vividly portrays the man who changed the world.

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BRITAIN AT ITS BEST

Archery at Old Park, Dunster Castle, near Minehead, Somerset

In the Britain of centuries ago, when chivalry was still very much alive, archery had an important place in the arsenal of defence. Crécy, Poitiers, Agincourt—these names live on to commemorate the exploits of Britain's gallant yeomen. And as in battle the yeoman had to loose his arrows at a continually decreasing distance from the enemy, the modern archer invariably shoots his longest rounds first—100, 80, and finally 60 yards. In 1950 there were 85 archery clubs in Britain; today there are more than 600—which, paradoxically, makes this ancient practice one of the fastest-growing of modern sports.

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